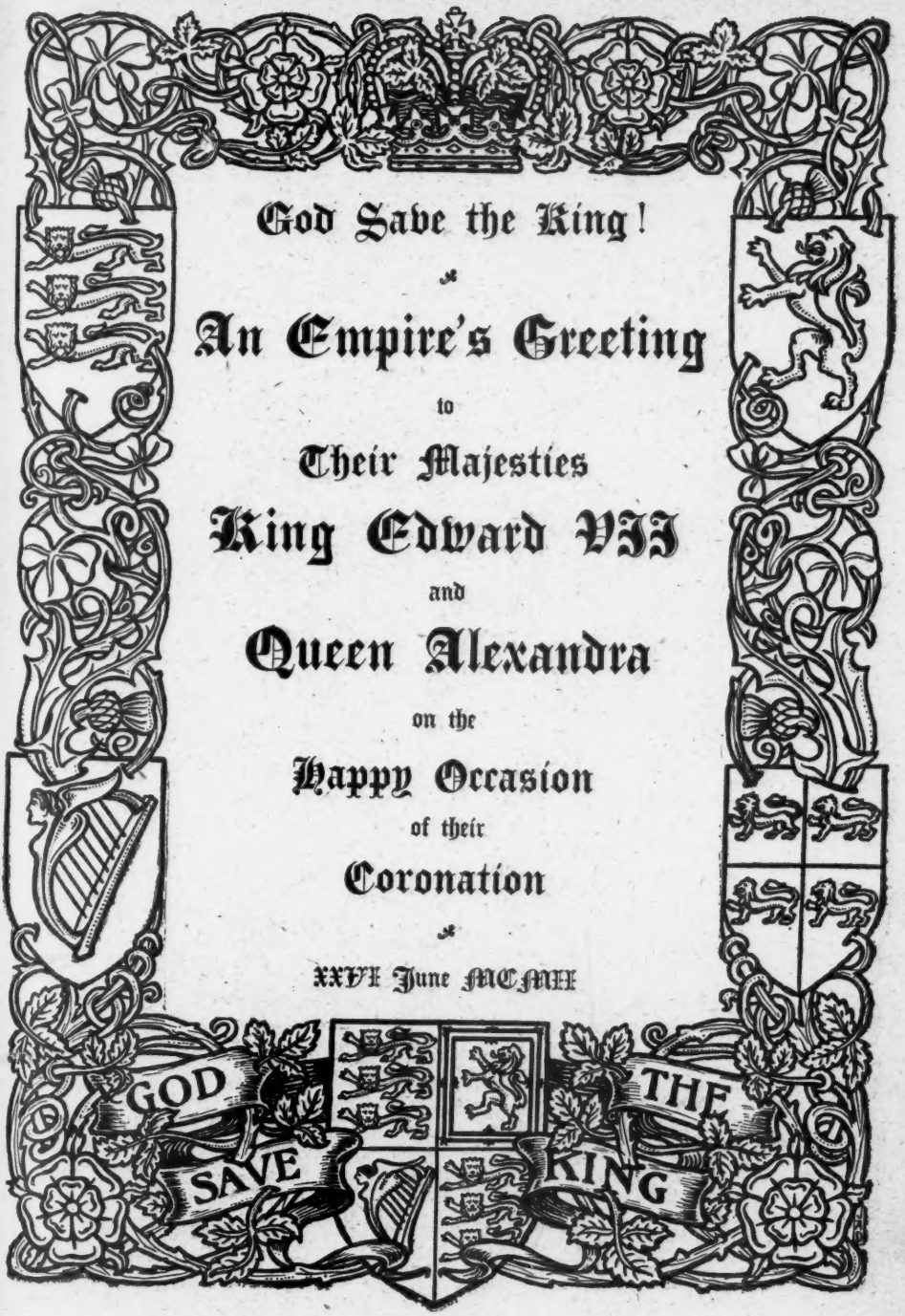

God Save the King!
An Empire's Greeting
to
Their Majesties
King Edward VII
and
Queen Alexandra
on the
Happy Occasion
of their
Coronation
XXVI June MCMII
GOD SAVE THE KING

THE BRITISH ISLES

# The Prize Coronation Odes

AT Christmas time last year the publishers of GOOD WORDS invited British subjects all over the world to compete for three prizes of £50, £15 and £10 respectively, to be given for the three best Coronation Odes submitted to them before a certain date. The response to the invitation has far exceeded the expectations of those who issued it. Odes have been received from 1084 competitors, from almost every part, including even the most distant islands, of the Empire; and as a very large number of writers submitted more than one ode (as many as twelve being sent by one competitor) the total number of compositions received has been considerably over eleven hundred. The work of judging the odes was a formidable task, but has been faithfully performed, first by preliminary committees composed entirely of well-known writers and critics, and finally, by the awarding committee consisting of Mr. Stopford A. Brooke, Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. William Canton. Every ode which showed any evidence of merit has been read and passed upon by at least six competent authorities, and in no case has any clue been given to any reader of the authorship of any composition submitted to him.

The Awarding Committee has given judgment as follows:

"After carefully reading and considering the Odes as submitted to us we recommend the awarding of prizes as follows:

"FIRST PRIZE.—Ode A (No. 306. By Ath-Luath).

"SECOND PRIZE.—Ode J (No. 206. By Graculus).

"THIRD PRIZE to be divided between Ode H (No. 961. By New Zealander); Ode F (No. 880. By Scaldis).

"In recommending the division of the third prize between Odes H and F we are guided by an opinion that while the former is perhaps the better as a poem, the latter has the advantage in the matter of appropriateness as an Ode on the particular occasion.

"STOPFORD A. BROOKE
"EDMUND GOSSE
"WILLIAM CANTON."

In accordance with the above the prizes are won by:

FIRST PRIZE of £50. Ode No. 306, by "Ath-Luath":

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT
Minister of Alloa,
Scotland.

SECOND PRIZE of £15. Ode No. 206, by "Graculus":

REV. S. CORNISH WATKINS,
Kington,
Herefordshire.

THIRD PRIZE, divided, £5 to each, between Ode No. 961, by "New Zealander":

LUCY EVELINE SMITH
Springbank, Heriot Row,
Dunedin, New Zealand.

and Ode No. 880, by "Scaldis":

F. H. WOOD, M.A.,
Brabourne Cottage,
Bromley Park, Kent.

It should be added that while the first announcement of the competition named April 10 as the date of closing the entries, in deference to the wishes of representatives of some of the more distant colonies, this date was changed in a later announcement. This change has created some uneasiness in the minds of a small number of competitors who have written expressing a fear lest their odes might have been disqualified by failure to arrive by the proper date. No ode has been disqualified for that reason. All competitors have been given the advantage of every doubt, and every composition received has had a fair and equal chance for the prizes.

# An Empire's Greeting

## The "Good Words" Coronation Ode Competition

NEVER since the year of "the Jubilee," and certainly never before it, has there been evoked so extraordinarily interesting an expression of imperial sentiment as by the present competition. No one probably who saw that remarkable exhibition in the Imperial Institute in 1897 can ever forget the emotion awakened in him by the contemplation of the memorials and addresses of congratulation to Queen Victoria from a world-wide Empire, there spread out for the view of the citizens of the Empire's capital. At first, perhaps, the eye was taken by the splendour of the caskets and the sheaths, of gold and silver and studded with gems, in which the memorials were encased for reception by her Majesty and by the surpassing beauty of the art with which the satin and vellum, the ivory tablets and golden kincob, were illuminated and engrossed. But after a while the glitter of so much costly material and the glamour of such exquisite craft wore off and there grew upon the visitor a sense of the majestic significance of that unique display. No human eyes, since the world began, had ever beheld such a tribute of admiration, reverence and love, and never probably will human eyes look upon its like again. It is true that these addresses, with their stately phrasing and sumptuous environment, were for the personal eye of a Queen and Empress, and that all the vast machinery of the official, industrial and social systems of an enormously wealthy and resourceful Empire had worked to one end to achieve that great result, a result that to be worthy of such an occasion and of the august recipient might easily have been deemed impossible of achievement.

It goes, too, without saying, that his Majesty the King will this year be the recipient of "innumerable" addresses, befitting so great an occasion and worthy of royal acceptance. Collectively, they will form an astonishing tribute of imperial patriotism and a universal admiration which it would take a Sanhedrim of polyglots to translate and the archives of a palace to contain.

Yet knowing full well the earnestness of these memorialists who are our fellow subjects, and admitting the sincerity of all the good wishes of foreign bodies, principalities and powers, there still remains the fact that they are more or less a ceremonial adjunct of a State occasion, and as inevitable at the coronation of the British King and Emperor as salutes of artillery or the decoration of the streets. When Edward VII. comes to his Throne he does so with every circumstance of stateliness and goodwill. It cannot be otherwise with a monarch who in his forty years of princely apprenticeship has won for himself by kingly ways the respect and affection of the world.

With these Coronation Odes the case is surely very different. Incidentally, by their theme and title they are connected with the great imperial pageant of the crowning of the King, but that is only incidental. Had the theme, still imperial, been any other, say the granting of Peace to the Boers, the Odes would have been substantially the same in general scheme and certainly in spirit. For they represent a spontaneous outburst of patriotic sentiment. A simple invitation from a firm of London publishers sufficed to evoke this extraordinary declaration of loyalty and love, and from every part of the King's dominions there came in response these passionate and pathetic poems.

What of it that hundreds of them do not deserve even the name of poems? Would you look for a laureate in a blind fisher-lad in Newfoundland or a Mulatto cripple in St. Kitts? What manner of English poem shall we ask for from Maori men or from an old Malay in Selangore? Yet, to our thinking, these glisten like gems in the regalia of the crown. They are the good wishes of these poor folk in distant places, nothing more, good wishes for the happiness of *their* King and the prosperity of *their* Empire.

An Australian bushman fighting at the

front, a Honduras negro with but "small time from work" he says, a half-caste of Goa "but born British subject, thank God" —can you expect "poems" from such as these? Or from an old lady "resident forty years in the bush"? or from coloured folk in the Leeward Isles? Yet they are each of them a poem and infinitely touching in their gratitude for their nationality, and the blessings they invoke upon their Sovereign and his beautiful Queen.

Or take the Ode from "a native of Liberty Island," not to be found, as he confesses, upon any map, as it is only about a square mile in extent "of which the writer is the owner," and upon which, over a population of five souls, he proudly flies the Union Jack. What a strange force is patriotism, that moves this man to write an Ode on the coronation of the King of England. And as fervent is he in his loyalty as any Englishman, and just as jealous of the birthright that lets him call Edward VII. "my King."

But let it be so, that these are not poems, and as such perhaps need not have come within the scope of this brief review. Yet in the ultimate summing up they cannot be omitted, for they, as well as any others, go to emphasise the actual throbbing "solidarity" of that Imperial Idea which statesmen long to create, and public writers imagine only as an "ideal." This great collection of Odes convinces us of its existence, and is the authentic demonstration of a living and breathing fact.

New ideals of loyalty have taken root and spread abroad their branches in that Britain beyond seas which we still speak of as "the Colonies," ideals that have grown with the growth of the Empire, almost unsuspected. They found their first articulate expression in the epoch-making year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. This utterance was repeated full-voiced in the year of the great Queen's death, and when the Boers revolted from British suzerainty and "the Free State" declared for war against Britain, the nations of Europe were startled, as by a thunder-clap on a summer's day, by the sudden trumpet-throated battle-shout that rang out from the East and the West, the North and the South.

That tremendous voice had never been heard in the world before. Friends and foes, amazed alike, held their hands. It almost seemed as if they held their breath, wondering what would befall. For lo! the whelps of the old lioness were now all lions, full-grown and fearless, and all of them brethren. Aye, and angry too, and astir, and it was the voice of this young brood of kings that are to be, the princely sons of imperial England, that hushed the tongue and stayed the hand of those who might have wrought us wrong in our hour of stress.

No one in the world had guessed, not even Britain herself, how searchingly the new idea of loyalty had been leavening the whole Empire, and it was not until all of a sudden that cry went up to heaven from under the Northern Lights and the Southern Cross, from the Orient to the Isles of the Sea, and the leaping of sword in scabbard ringed the round earth with the clash of eager steel, that the world, astounded, knew, and Britain felt, that her stalwart children were not only proud of the old country and loved it, but were proud of each other's kinship, and jealous of a common honour. Not only loyal to their King but loyal, as brethren should be, to one another. Not only proud of the great Britain of the past, but of the greater Britain of to-day. Aglow with a splendid fealty, they stood them up, each of the brethren, to the full height of his stature, and with their faces all set towards the Mother-land, shouted, as with one voice, "We will die for each other and for you."

So has the young loyalty come to its manhood. And it is this new utterance of the new century that finds such touching expression, and yet so superb a one, in this collection of Coronation Odes.

To read them, poem after poem, from all parts of the Empire, is to become conscious of an imperial force of the like of which history holds no record and the chronicles of the nations show no trace. Turning over ode after ode the beautiful strains of harmonious patriotism blend into a single stately imperial anthem until the reader, pausing as it were to listen, finds almost overpowering the glorious diapason of the song.

It rolls up on every wind that fills the sails of England's fleets, a universal Te Deum, for the splendour of Britain, the brotherhood of love, and our imperishable birthright of calm self-confidence that makes for dominion.

Very interesting, indeed, is the mingling of races and creeds when, side by side, upon a table in London, lie some eleven hundred odes, written by Brahmin and Mahomedan and Bhuddist and native Christians—negroes of the West, from the Leeward Isles and the Windward, natives of the East, Indian, Burmese and Cinghalese—Protestant, Roman Catholic, Dissenter, Quaker, and Jew. Their pens, some of them, would have run more readily in Tamil or Telugu, Pushtu or Persian or Arabic, but they are all in the language of the ruling race, and cramped of course though they are, they are all of them real and living in thought and sentiment.

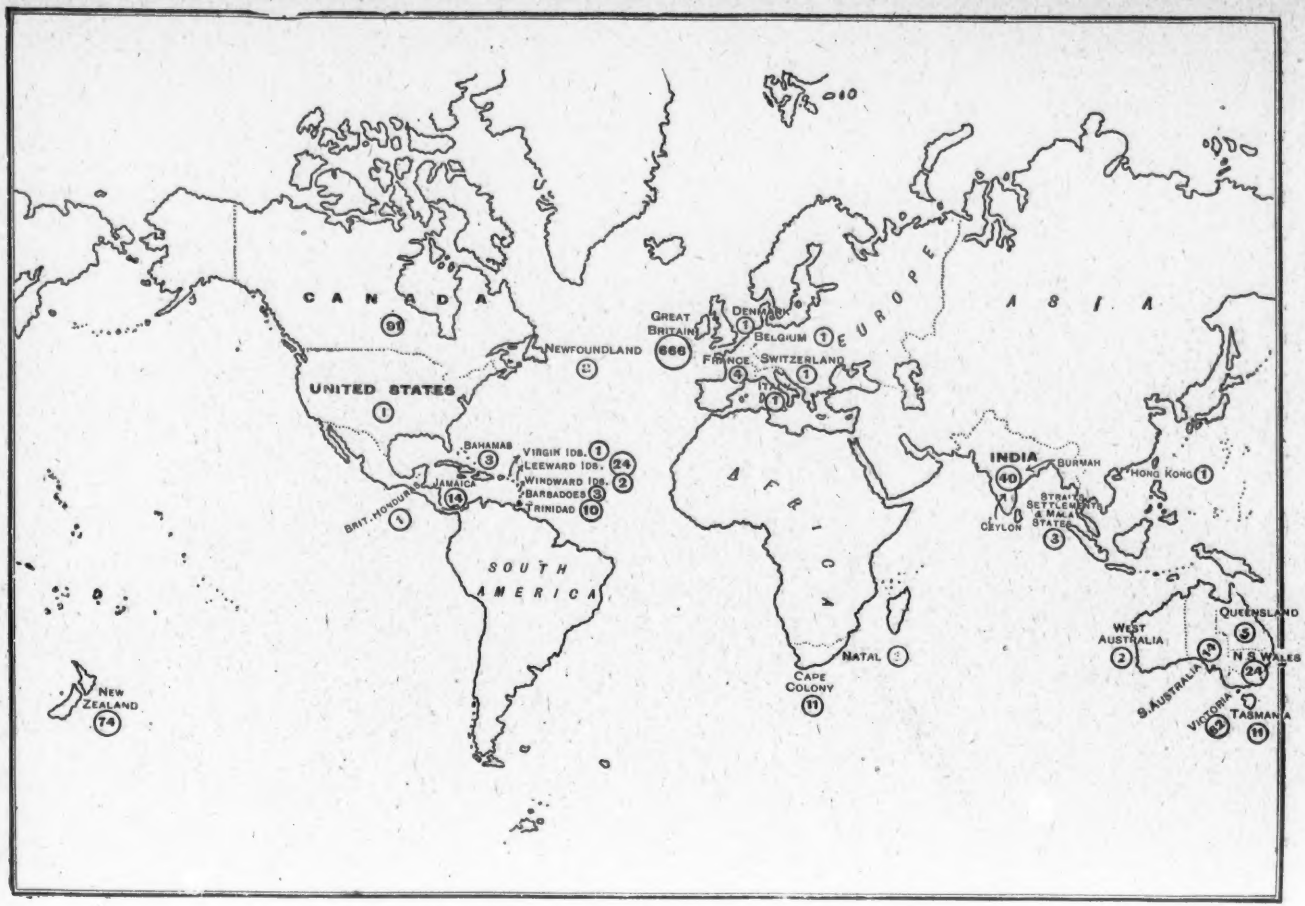
Of course the majority of the Odes are by writers of our own race, and even the envelopes in which their poems arrived, with their stamps of almost every "colony" in the British dominions, and strange postmarks, are an impressive illustration of a "boundless" empire. Every State of the Australian Commonwealth is represented, and New Zealand; British Africa, from Salisbury to Cape Town; Canada, throughout its entire length from the Atlantic seaboard to Vancouver's Island; Newfoundland; India, from Travancore to Puttiala and Bombay to Calcutta; Ceylon, Burmah and the Malay States; the West Indies by Jamaica and Bermuda, Trinidad, Antigua, St. Kitts, the Virgin Islands, the Bahamas, Barbados, British Honduras and Guiana, Hong Kong and the Mauritius. This range does not, it is true, complete the actual circle of the Empire, but still it has circumference enough to belt the earth and to baffle the sun should it try to rise without seeing the Union Jack.

Of the tone of these hundreds of poems there is little need to speak. Suffice it to say that no one could get up from the reading of them without feeling, as the humour took him, either the lighter of heart for the goodly reading, or strangely sobered by the significance of so tremendous a confederacy of patriotism. He seems to walk the taller for it, to have just heard of some new Peace with Honour, or become aware of some great honourable responsibility devolving upon himself.

It is impossible, of course, to publish in a magazine all that is worthy of republication, but enough, we take it, is here given to impress even the shallowest of cynics, set British sentiment aglow in the most matter-of-fact of natures, and appeal directly to every generous and sympathetic heart. Those that are published in these pages are, of course, the picked Odes, but this is just one of those cases where a selection, however excellent it may be, does injustice to the whole. Beautiful as some of the individual compositions undoubtedly are, it is really in the collective grandeur of the whole, as a whole, the perfect sympathy between colony and colony, the independent unanimity of the writers in countries widely apart, that lie the true power and glamour of this unique anthology.

To analyse the subject matter of the Odes, taken all together (without special reference to those that are published here), is no difficult matter, for the poems are in such happy unison that only one spirit seems to have inspired them all. First comes triumph at the greatness of Britain, but tempered by a most admirable restraint, the recurrence of the warning of the great Recessional "lest we forget," and grateful acknowledgment of the guiding and moulding hand of God in times of trouble as of victory. Thereafter, sorrow for the loss of Queen Victoria, rejoicing in the new King, love of Queen Alexandra, and, splendidly temperate, pride in their own colony and the part it has played in the war. These, with of course historical retrospect and descriptions of the coronation, are the themes of the Odes, and in the order of prominence here given.

When deploring the Great Queen's death, the tender grace of many of the references is very pleasing, leading up to, and merging in, as it so often does, the rejoicing in the kingship of her son. His Majesty is already more than abundantly assured of the intense respect and sincere affection with which he is regarded by all classes of his subjects, and




MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING WHERE THE 1084 ODES WERE RECEIVED FROM

(The number of poems sent in competition from the various countries, colonies or parts of the Empire is given within the circles.) Summarised by divisions of the world, the figures are Europe, 675; North and South America, 101; Australasia, 192; Asia, 42; Africa, 17; The Islands of the Seas, 57

yet we venture most respectfully to say that if it were possible to condense and let the King hear what those hundreds of men and women of all creeds and races have said of him in these poems, it would reach his heart with almost the force of a new experience. Not less would he be touched by the many exquisite passages of the love of the Empire for the Queen, whose beauty and goodness are as household words in the most distant portions of his dominions.

Never have poets sung with such a voice before. Knowledge of the splendid responsibilities of empire with boundaries that encompass the world—and vexed along all their length by the uncharitableness of envious neighbours or the turbulence of tribes that cannot yet understand — give dignity to the singers and noble form to their song. Mingled with their triumphant consciousness of greatness is a fervent spirit of piety; no vainglorious boasting but a manly, self-respecting confidence in the justness of a cause and the goodness of God.

Beautiful too, to a degree, are the tender expressions of affection for the homeland, and, in the poems of those who write from far away beyond the seas, very touching are the reminiscences of little country scenes in the land of their birth. It is those whose lines are cast in places where Nature works with a broad brush, where jungle and veld, mountain and forest, are all fashioned in vast moulds, who best appreciate the small delightfulness of England, its little loveliness, so daintily finished in tiny detail, placid and uneventful, beauty in miniature. References to these occurring in stanzas written by ardent men and women, possessed while they write on their heroic subject with heroic sentiments, often strike a pathetic chord that justifies the rising tear. Proud of their race and the historic grandeur of their birth-land, their loving memory still recalls the tranquil landscape endeared to them in childhood by its trivial charms.

These then, surveying the Odes as a whole, are two of the leading motives of the poems: pride in their Empire and affection for the old country.

In combination these suffice to make the perusal of the Odes both inspiriting and gladdening. Not all the speeches of statesmen, nor all the articles in the Press, based upon supposition and fancy, and phrased to express that which they desire, rather than that which they know, to be true, convey even an idea of the exhilarating and strengthening effect of reading these poems. There is a positive personal conviction about each which by frequent repetition, in constantly varying language, all fresh from the heart and so often of singular beauty and felicity in expression, that acts as a tonic. It carries away the reader by the gladness of heart of the writers when they sing of the glory of being British, and convinces him that loyalty of colony towards colony, and love of all for "England" are beating and throbbing forces in the thought and life of the young nations, knightly and now golden spurred, that sit about the Round Table of our King, who, with the love, honour, and fealty of his colonies set as gems in the crown of his kingship, reigns as no king ever reigned before.

One rises from the reading of them just as if one had been listening to some glorious music, and in addition there remains upon the mind the happy assurance that all is well along the "far-flung" line of Empire. From the land of giant myrtles to the land of giant pines, from where the tiger is Raja in his jungle colonnades and the leopard lords it among the rhododendrons of the Hills to where the black swans float among the arum lilies, and the emus drum upon the heath-starred plains; from where the lion is Induna of the tribes of the veld and my lord the elephant browses by the cradles of the Nile, to the islands, a chain of jewels linked along the waves, where the humming-birds buzz in the orchid blooms and the crimson-headed crane wades among the azure hyacinths; from where our northern outposts look out westward across the tumbling whales to Cathay, to where in the Antarctic voids the albatrosses wheel around the flag familiar to them in every sea:—

"All is well along the line," sing the poets to their King. "We are here for your bidding, your sons, and though in many lands, all our hearts are as only one—

"God Save the King!"

# The Prize Winners

*(Milne, photo, Turriff)*
**Lauchlan MacLean Watt, B.D.**
**First Prize**

The Rev. L. Maclean Watt, B.D., was born in 1867, and concluded his education at Edinburgh University where he was Masson's Prizeman in Poetry with "Kit Marlowe," a "dramatic monologue by a contemporary player, along with a Threnody by a contemporary collegian." In 1896 Mr. Watt was licensed as a preacher in the Church of Scotland, and in 1897 was elected minister of Turriff, Aberdeenshire, being translated last year to Alloa where he has a congregation of about two thousand communicants.

As a poet Mr. Watt has secured considerable fame. In 1899, the *Spectator* published a poem of his called "The Grey Mother," inspired by the rallying of the Colonies around the mother country in the dark times at the opening of the war, and this poem attracted a great deal of attention. Mr. Watt has written other patriotic verses, and last year he published a little book of poems called "In Love's Garden."

*(Hatch, photo, Bromley)*
**F. H. Wood, M.A.**
**Third Prize**

The Rev. Sidney Cornish Watkins, B.A., a son of Rev. M. E. Watkins, Rector of Kent Church, Herefordshire, was born at Ottery St. Mary, Devon, in 1871, being a grandson of Dr. Cornish, then vicar of Ottery. He was educated at Hereford Cathedral School, and Keble College, Oxford, where he rowed for two years in the College eight. From there Mr. Watkins went to Truro Theological College, and was ordained Deacon in Truro Cathedral at Advent 1894, and priest in 1895. From 1894 to 1897 he was curate of Duloe, near Liskeard, and in the latter year went as curate to Kington, Herefordshire, a position he still holds. Mr. Watkins has, however, just accepted from the patron, the Earl of Chesterfield, the rectory of Ballingham, with Bolstone, Herefordshire.

*(Argall, photo, Truro)*
**S. Cornish Watkins, B.A.**
**Second Prize**

The Rev. Francis Henry Wood, M.A., was born at Antwerp, Belgium, of English parents, and was educated at the Royal Athenée of that city. Then, after two years in a private school in England, he gained a First Class at the Matriculation Examination of the London University. This was followed by three years at the desk in his father's office, till he could realise his wish to proceed to St. John's College, Cambridge. Here he graduated B.A., in 1871, taking a Third Class in the classical Tripos. Previously he had obtained the Chancellor's Gold Medal for the English Poem, the subject being, "The Lake-dwellings of Switzerland."

Mr. Wood was ordained in 1871, by the then Bishop of Peterborough (Dr. Magee), and has held curacies at All Saints, Northampton, and St. Anne's, Holloway, N. In 1875, he was presented to the Rectory of St. Kenelm-in-Romsley, and after six years was invited by Dr. Magee to return to Northampton as Incumbent of St. Paul's. This preferment he held till 1888, when he decided to devote more time to literary and educational work.

# A Second Imperial Competition

It is impossible that the Publishers of Good Words should not be profoundly impressed by the success of this competition. It is not merely that so many Odes have been received from such diverse parts of the Empire, or that so many of these Odes are so admirable in themselves. There is a deeper significance. The invitation of Good Words has for the first time, as it were, called forth the Voice of British Loyalty all over the Globe. It has made the Empire vocal. All that was needed was the opportunity; that given, and instantly the world-wide silence burst into song, and from all the far-sundered dominions of the King there broke from the hearts of his peoples—who are one people—the chorus of praise and thanksgiving.

We venture to believe that in calling forth this wonderful world-voice a certain service, whether slight or large, has been rendered to the Empire. To the dwellers in each part, each remote island, the knowledge that their voice is so closely attuned to the notes of the inhabitants of every other part and island in the Empire must in itself tend to comfort and strengthen their loyalty and pride in the Empire, and give them a new and more real sense of kinship and neighbourliness. The service thus rendered, however slight or great, will, we believe, be increased if we do not now suffer the new-found Voice to sink again into silence.

Therefore we hereby invite all subjects of the King to compete for three prizes similar in amount to those now awarded to be given for the three best

# Songs of the Empire

to be published in Good Words at Christmas time next.

The desire of the publishers is that the poems shall be the utterance and embodiment of the spirit of the Empire—of its grandeur, its power, its duties, and its responsibilities; that they shall be National Poems, in fact, in the sense that there are National Anthems. The treatment of the subject and the scope must be for the writers to decide. The poems may be of any length and of any form.

The songs must be received at the office of Good Words, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, by the following dates:

If posted in the British Isles or on the Continent of Europe, they must be received by September 15.

If posted in North America they must be received by September 25.

If posted in South America, Asia, Africa, or the West Indies, they must be received by October 5.

If posted in Australasia they must be received by October 15.

The prizes will be £50 for the first prize, £15 for the second prize, and £10 for the third prize; but any prize may be divided between two or more competitors if the judges see fit.

The publishers will also pay the sum of one guinea each for the copyright of the next ten best poems submitted, provided that number are received which are considered worthy of publication in full. All other compositions received the publishers have the right to publish, in whole or part, without further payment.

# First Prize

ODE No. 306 Pseudonym—ATH-LUATH

By LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT
Minister of Alloa
Scotland

## ODE ON THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH

Here, all alone in the dark,
While the stars are dying,
My soul grows still, and I hark
To the voice of the sea-winds crying
From far away, where, low on the long-ridged sands,
The tired grey sea beats out his time-old song with weary hands.
And, as I listen, up from the ghostly street,
I hear the throb of a thousand marching feet,
And ever, as they come,
The faint, dull, guiding pulse of a distant drum.

The windows are silent all, and darkened, the lights are gone:
And the dying starlight flickers, dimly wan,
But I know that the town is full of the shadows of marching men,
Though never a trace of their passing shall wait the dawn,
And never on earth, except in dream, shall their faces gleam again.

And my soul is caught from its stillness,
And the stars awake in the night,
And the winds, from the waste and the waters,
Cry, half in joy and in fright:
"Who are ye, ghostly marchers,
And whence do your squadrons come,
And your companies pressing onward
To the beat of a phantom drum?"

"We are the dead of England:
Our dust is under the leas.
They buried us deep, in our battle-sleep,
They plunged us down in the seas.

We are the brave of England,
We fought for the bristling breach,
And died that our brothers might climb on our bones,
And carry the flag where we could not reach. . . .
We went down in the waste of waters:
We grappled the foe on ships . . .
In mist and smoke, where battle broke,—
And her name was on our lips.
Living or dying,
Our flag still flying,
Where our hands had nailed it fast,
We fell for the might of England,
And we were not her last.

"Never a cannon's booming,
Never a battle's roar,
Never the marching of armies
Thundrous, along the shore,
But it stirred us in our sleeping,
And we turned in our nameless bed,
For we knew there were wars for England,
And we were England's dead . . .
We have heard . . . we have burst our prison,
For a king's to be hailed, and crowned.
We have waked for a while and risen
To gather, and guard him round.
For a king's to be crowned in the Minster,
And the bravest should be there. . . .
The living and dead of England
Her sorrows and joys must share."

Beat, O phantom drums of the dead—O bravely, proudly beat.
There's never a sea
But set you free,
O dead with the marching feet!
For the north and the south
Had sealed your mouth,
And the sundered east and west
Had all looked down
From their starry crown,
Above you, in your rest.

Ye girdled the globe for England,
Ye fought for her and God.
Dust of the old, grey, wave-worn isles,
Ye blew her name abroad.
Come back, and stand for England,
Ye that were true and tried:
We need the brave from the field and the wave
To teach us how ye died! . . .

Ah, 'tis no crown of a witling,
This crown of ours:
Iron and gold the meed of it,
Blood of the best the seed of it:
No path of flowers
Men walked in till they won it. Alfred wight
Wrested it back, with blade of peerless might
From the invaders' hand,
And set his land
Fair by the waters, Godwards, seeking light.

Long was the hammering at it, early and late,
Until it grew
The treasure of our islands, with the blue
Engirdling waters round it for its guard:
And hot and hard
The anvil of its shaping. Many a day,
The smiths who toiled till evening, in the breaking
Of grey dawns out of darkness, silent lay,
For ever weary with the toil of making.

Never a morning's dawn but wakeful eyes
Saw the day rise
Out of the shimmering sea . . .
Never night darkened, but an anxious gaze
Looked through the deepening haze,
Wondering of days to be.
Heavy the burden of it on the brows
Of kings, and on the hearts of weary folk,
Till, out of troubled ages,
Gladness broke.

Ah, 'tis no empty fluttering of a dream,
Our flag's proud gleam:
Many and tired the fingers that have sewn it,
Seam by seam,
Staining it with life's crimson, and the blue
Of northern skies and seas, till winds have blown it
Wider than all their wonder and their dream.

Thin red lines of pulsing lives were the thread of it,
Pulsing lives that bled away for its sake beneath the spread of it,
Till the wide seas knew it,
And the winds of the wide world blew it,
And the host of England followed the flag till earth trembled under the tread of it.

Up with it into the sky.
Let it blow abroad, let its message fly
Like the grey gull, over the deep,
As glad and free.
There are names of pride emblazoned on every fold,
But deeper, more dear than ever was script in gold,
Names that can never sleep,
Though only the heart of love and the eye of God can see . . .

Sad, ah sad was the heart of us, when the word
We feared to hear, came fluttering like a bird
Blown, out of the dark, against our faces,
How she, to us and all the nations dear,
Mother and queen, to all her children near,
Lowly, and crowned with love and tenderest graces,
Lay at the gate of peace,
Beating with feeble fingers for release,
To seek her dead, afar in heavenly places:
Till the great passing-bell
Rang through the night to tell
O'er waking shore and sea,
The soul of England's greatest queen from earth was free.

Sad was the spell that stole across the waves
As her spirit passed . . .
The red flag drooped from the mast,

And thunders throbbed their sorrows o'er the tide:
Far through the bush it sped,
Like a swift-footed Sorrow, with silent tread,
Waking the sleepers to tell them, "She is dead."
And the dawn bore it wide
Over the waters,
Till, with a weary wail it reached the shores,
Crying its message in at the seaward-opening doors,
Where England's sons and daughters,
Borne far in ships, had built them homes and graves.

Now who is the king for the crown that fell from her hand,
The crown of our land,
And our Empire wide-world wide,
Where the circling stars, unsetting, ever behold
The gleam of our sails on the tide:
And the glittering day, from the shadows unrolled,
Each dawning, somewhere, kisses our flag to gold?

Son of the mother we loved, we look to thee,—
Our king by thy mother's name, our king to be,
Lifting the crown she left thee, to thy lips,
To win with her name a glory from Time which time shall never eclipse.

Now who is the king whose glory shall not die—
Whose coronet, crushed and shattered shall not lie
In dust of shame, out in the trampling street,
Scorned by the heedless feet
That spurn and pass it by?

Earth has her hour for kingship still, and the day
For crowning of truth can fade not ever away.
Still do her multitudes wait
For the knock of the hand of her king on her palace gate.

He is the king whose power shall be
Upheld by angels three,
Beside his throne—
Strength, pity, and love,
Lifting his life above
The mighty mockeries making misery moan,

The little dreams that hold the world in fee . . .
Strength, to whose brave right hand 'tis given
To bring to stillness all earth's din and the clang that would silence heaven;
And, cleaving clash and noise,
Fetch once again to weary hearts the music of God's voice. . . .
Pity, too, clothed in strength more strong than steel,
Stretching her gaze,
Like the smile of dawn, through darkness and dismal haze,
To wake the heartless and those who know no hope,
Making them feel
Old impulses half-forgotten, and ways of boundless scope,
Where their tired feet, from time-long shackles free,
May move where music meets them, stirring new dreams by shore and sea. . . .
Love, too, greatest of angels born of God,
Leaving the throne, to walk where shadow lies,
Kissing to joy the tears of darkened eyes,
And gathering into song all saddening cries,
And making a triumphing gladness grow where sorrow in darkness trod:
Till peace springs near and far,
Star merging into star,
Till a day like Christ's steals over the midnight bar,
And the tide of a people's contented joy breaks singing around the throne,
Where, in oblivion swathed, as in a shroud,
Dead and forgotten shall sink the cruel and proud
And tyranny have no name,
And the shaming be crushed with shame,
And be unknown:
But the loving and lovely in dream and deed
Have love shook into their days,
And angels of peace their feet shall lead
By blossoming ways
No more to bleed.
Great shall that monarch be,
Great on the shore, and the sea;
And the nations near and far,
Shall see his star,
And know that the day of darkness now is done,
And wait for the rising sun,

That bringeth the days to be.
Great, God-giftedly great,
On him shall wait
The ragged and poor, the spangled and proud in state,
The nameless, the lost, the lone,—
The noble, the true, the renowned,
Alike with the lorn, the unpitied, forgotten, new-named, new-found,
Lifted by pity and strength and love to the shade and the shield of his throne.
Bravest and best girdling him round,
By hands out of darkness, and hands out of brightness crowned,
True is that king in his power,
To him no hell comes crying,
Hate for him has no hour,
And no calendar holds the star of his dynasty's dying . . .

O king, thine is the gift and glory
Of all our island story,—
Heaven help thee, guard it well,
That still in dawns unborn, mothers to babes shall tell,
Of thee, and kingship true,
Of the love men bore thee at home, and far o'er the waters blue,
And in ships, and in desert places, where the sons of the grey land roam,
Bearing afar
The name of the land their mother, up under the lone north star,
The land that men call home,
Telling thy fame with pride,
Son of a hundred kings, yet most the son of her who died.

And the love of the living and dead
Puts the crown of grace on the head
Of the lady who stands by thee,—
The lily, who, over the sea,
Out of old gardens of heroes her loveliness bore,
Here, to our island-shore,
From the sea-king's city set by the distant tide,
To shine by thy side,—
Mother of kings and queens in the days to be.
Still, though the song of the years,
Has brought to her laughter and sorrow and tears,

The lips of her people praise,
And the hearts of the nations love her,
And prayers, like wings, upraise
A shadow of peace above her. . . .

Lone isles, isles belov'd, crowned with the prayers of the free,
Throned on the waters, backed by the mountains, gazing over the sea—
Ye, for whose sake,
Brave spirits brake,
For whom our fathers fell,
In stranger climes,
In danger times,
Or where deep-sea billows swell . . .
Lone rocks at whose feet
The wan tides meet,
And the surges break and sing,
Stand firm, as of yore,
For the race ye bore,
And the man ye have crowned as king.
The shades of the dead are round you . . .
The prayers of the dead have bound you,
And wherever the lone seas beat and cry,
From the shores of the world your sons are ready,
To come at your call, and, calm and steady,
If need be, die. . . .

Gather them in, O mother of men, gather them close to your feet.
They are blown far and wide,
O'er the broad sea's tide,
But the name of their mother is sweet . . .
And, when the pale day breaks,
And the earth, affrighted, shakes,
With thunder, and cries of war, and battle-drums,
And, through the distant hills,
Rumbling, shall growl the voice of coming ills,
Shout, when you see how the long brave line of your wandering children comes.

## Second Prize

ODE No. 206 Pseudonym—GRACULUS

By the Rev. S. CORNISH WATKINS
Kington, Herefordshire

### ODE ON THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA

"Wake, happy day!
Hark! how the sweet bells, over lea and lawn,
Proclaim the dawn,
And fling the glad news far and far away,
From rocking tower to tower, from spire to spire,
On to the limits of the last sea-down,
That now has come the day of our desire,
When the imperial burden of a crown,
Under this solemn Abbey's sacred shade,
Shall on an English king again be laid.

Long years have passed to silence, since the time
When one, the young, pure-hearted virgin queen,
Mid such another scene,
On such a day, set all the bells a-chime:
When that slight figure donned the royal robe,
Those small hands took the sceptre and the globe,
And the white maiden forehead, like a gem
Wore this great England's royal diadem—
But peace! The great queen sleeps, her labour o'er,
With all the heavy burden of her years
Laid down, with honour, on a happier shore
Far from the world's loud turmoil and its tears.
Yet, if that spirit-land may now and then
Catch any whisper from the sons of men,
Surely her mother-heart beats high with pride
On such a morning, such a son to own.

One, who through widowed years stood by her side
And shared the lonely splendours of the throne,
Till, ripe with all that full experience brings,
New-crowned, he joins the company of kings.

But hush! They come! A sudden silence falls
As through the wide-flung door, advances slow
The long procession, while from roof and walls
Ten thousand eyes turn to the scene below;
And like the sea, a distant roar of cheers
Floats faintly inward from the seething street,
And whoso hearkens, in that murmur hears
The great heart of a mighty nation beat,
While the long pageant of the good and great
In Church and State,
Priest, warrior, councillor, and lady fair
Form the high escort of the royal pair.

Then loud the organ thunders. Round and round
Great waves of sound
Roll in the vaulted roofs and swoon away,
Until the clustered pillars seem to sway,
And faint and visionary all things grow
Seen wavering in a haze of harmony,
Substance and shadow mingle in the glow
As ebbs the tide of music's golden sea.
And is it fancy that the mighty dead,
Whose honoured dust beneath these arches lies,
Waken and stir, each in his narrow bed,
And take a shadowy form before our eyes?
Dream of a dream!
But truly, in this crowd of life, there seem
Veiled, silent figures, drawn from far and near,
Builder of empire, monarch, statesman, seer.
Shades of the deathless dead arise, Oh see!
The kings of old welcome the king to be.

And first one rises slow
With hair as white as snow,

Whose thin, transparent hands the sceptre hold,
Whose reverend head the sunlight tips with gold.
Pale, frail, with childlike, wandering eyes he seems
A dreamer of strange dreams.
Some fancy, ever and anon, beguiles
His thin lips into soft unearthly smiles,
As one who sees, through a translucent haze
Of visionary thoughts, earth's common ways.

Lo! This is he, the King,
Round whom for ever cling
Faint memories, half pathetic, half divine;
Whose bones in their unviolated shrine,
Through the long centuries have lain at rest
Last of the Saxon line, and Saint confest.
Now comes another of his glorious name
Whom all acclaim
Monarch of distant lands he never knew,
Further than ever Roman eagle flew,
Wider than Northman's raven flag was blown,
Stretches the Empire round King Edward's throne.

Next, to the trumpet's sound
One rises from the ground
From head to foot in shining armour drest,
And in gold letters, round his lion crest,
Is "PACTUM SERVA" blazoned. Tall he stands,
Bearing the sword of sharpness in his hands.
Often, before the glitter of that blade,
Shrank back dismayed
The wild Welsh princes with their warrior hordes.
And the fierce Northern lords
Quailed at the strokes of him who bore the name
Of Scotia's hammer. Warrior-like he came
To see the folk he smote, now welded fast
Into one mighty nation at the last,
Crowded around a greater Edward, bring
Tribute of willing homage to their King.

With red-tipped tourney lance
Follows the Scourge of France,
The trampled lilies gleaming on his shield.
Mailed, as he stood on Crecy's crimson field,
When the French chivalry reeled at his stroke,
Scattered and broke,
And flights of arrows vexed the whistling air.
Well-used the spoils of victory to wear,
A portent of despair to ruined lands,
Symbol of England's armèd might he stands,
As stept from some stained window, all a-glow
With memories of the wars of long ago,
To see a later Edward take the crown
His wearied hands laid down,
One born beneath a happier, clearer star
Than that red planet of the god of war.

After him springs to life
One stained with civic strife,
Victor in those sad fields of furious fight,
Where kinsmen strove for red rose or for white,
Where brother, ranked in arms 'gainst brother, stood
And drenched the English grass with native blood.
Smiling he stands. Easy and gay his mien,
But underneath the smile and brow serene
Lies hid no trifler for an idle hour,
But one of power
To smite with sudden sword, patient to wait
Weaving in silence subtle schemes of state,
More deep the pillars of his throne to place
By civil discord shaken to its base.
Now a new bearer of the kingly name
Comes forth to claim,
With better right than sword could e'er command,
The crown and sceptre of a peaceful land.

One figure more, the last,
With gentle eyes downcast,
Closes the pageant of these kings of yore

Who once this noble name right nobly bore.
The slight unmanly form, the studious face
Mark the mild off-shoot of that lion race
Consummate in the virgin queen, whose reign
Saw shattered on the seas the might of Spain,
Not his the trump of war, the clang of camp,
But the close student's lamp,
And holy thoughts and dreams of God sublime,
Till, called from earthly pomp, long ere his prime,
Death, to a quiet spirit gave release,
And added to a pious boyhood peace.

The vision passes. Lo! the words are said,
The solemn vow in God's own presence ta'en,
By hallowed hands, upon a hallowed head,
Britain's imperial crown is laid again.
Their joyous news the great guns thunder forth,
To East and West it flies, to South and North,
Till, over all the land, the echoes fling,
From sea to sea, the prayer, God save the king!
So sounds our England, but from far and wide
Come answering cries, on all the breezes blown,
While the great Empire thrills with conscious pride
To know herself one people and one throne.
Australia wakes beneath her southern skies,
Swart India, with her myriad toilers, stirs,
O'er Afric's blood-stained veldt the message flies,
And Canada waves all her snow-clad firs.
A thousand islands, far and far away;
Scattered through all the seas of all the world,
See the old flag unfurled,
And raise the same glad prayer, this happy day,
Till, girdling round the earth, loud-toned, it rings
One cry for blessing to the King of kings.

Then hail, O royal pair!
For whom these gilded crowns of empire prove
But types and symbols of a crown more fair,
The magic circlet of a nation's love.

Not ours, not ours the hidden veil to raise
And read the runes the gradual years unfold,
With what of joy or sorrow may be told,
What memories may remain for future days,
One thing alone we know:
Though pageants pass, with all their pomp and show,
Those never fail, who take, whate'er betide,
Duty for watchword and their God for guide.

Heirs of a golden past
Front ye the future, calm and undismayed,
With all your hopes and wishes rooted fast
In One above, whose power can never fade:
While, to the throne of grace, your people bear
With hearts upraised the prayer,
That He who with His goodness crowns the year,
That He who wore the bitter crown of thorns,
That He, the Lord of life, may whisper here
A threefold blessing on this morn of morns.
And of His goodness grant that ye may be,
After life's little interlude of strife,
With those, who change, beside the crystal sea,
The crown of empire for the crown of life.

# Third Prize

NOTE.—The Third Prize has been divided between the writers of Ode No. 961 and Ode No. 880, these being bracketed as equal by the Judges

ODE No. 961 Pseudonym—NEW ZEALANDER

By LUCY EVELINE SMITH
SPRINGBANK, HERIOT ROW
DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND

## CORONATION ODE

EMPIRE supreme, unstraitened by the seas,
O mightiest of time!
Thou, Britain, Lady of the Isles, and Queen
Of jungle, forest, veldt, and gully green,
Take, as a tribute from the far South, these
My fading flowers of rhyme.

The sun that never sets upon thy soil,
Lights, as earth wheels her way,
Australian vineyards and Canadian woods,
Swarth Afric, India with her old-world moods,
Or pastoral hills of peace; the diverse toil
Of many a diverse day.

The great world's crowded marts are fed by thee:
Thou givest wheat and wine,
Wool from a thousand flocks, and timber sawn
From forests, many-vestured as the dawn;
Iron and coal, spoils from the lavish sea,
Spices and gold are thine.

Yet one throughout the world thy people are,
One in their love of thee:
Whether the burning South, or clear, cold North,
Plain, coral-reef, or mountain, bring them forth;

AUSTRALASIA

Whether thy skies they share, or dwell afar
By crag and foaming sea.

No clarion-call to arms it is that now
Stirs Greater Britain's soul;
  Not war's dread trump, but high triumphal praise,
  For, like Night's burning pomp of stars shall blaze
The coronet of Empire on his brow
Who rules this living whole.

The violets have passed and come again,
The rose her bloom laid by,
  Since, followed by a nation's prayers, in peace
  Victoria's sail passed o'er death's silvery seas:
Leaving a light in history, and a reign
Whose glory cannot die.

Eternal honour, an unchanging fame,
While stars, and moon, and sun
  Retain their fires, be hers: whose brave feet trod
  The thorny path of power so well that God
Wrought with her hand, and bound with her dear name
The ends of earth in one.

And you, O British Edward, Consort-Queen,
God give you of His best!
  Take, keep your immemorial heritage,
  Bid fine deeds blazon on the unfolded page
Of Empire: be your years of rule serene,
Peace your abiding guest.

Heirs of the long past, makers of the throne
In this new age, go thrust
  Your sickle in, and reap; do God's high will:
  Labour, build, plan: love's furthest law fulfil.
All Britain bids you hail! Wear Britain's crown
Strong in your people's trust!

Through the revolving seasons earth to-day
Becomes one festival,
  Where merry sleigh-bells cross the snow: where June
  Holds flowery rout: where the full Eastern moon
Broods o'er deserted palaces: where grey
The dusty waggons crawl,

Or where the frosty sunlight bathes green slopes
With mellow splendour brief;
  Where ploughing teams turn the rich sod; and fast
  The eager white gulls follow. The grave Past
And bright-eyed Future share to-day their hopes,
Blossom, and golden sheaf.

Now, while Time stands upon earth's windy hills
Tip-toe, around him blown
  His shadowy robes: now while the dawn-light breaks
  And widens in the dreamy east, and makes
The emerging world afire, what splendour thrills,
O England, from thy throne!

Ye men of Britain's lion breed, arise,
Lift up your hearts, rejoice!
  Still may God through His faithful England speak,
  Still may she stand His witness! Peak to peak
Flash the glad tidings: be the o'erarching skies,
The hills and floods one voice!

## Third Prize

ODE No. 880 Pseudonym—SCALDIS
(*Bracketed with Ode No.* 961)

By F. H. WOOD, M.A.
Brabourne Cottage
Bromley Park, Kent

### ODE ON THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII

I

We, who with heads that bowed and hearts that bled,
Beneath the shrouding mists of wintry skies,
Nursed private grief 'mid public obsequies
And paid our filial reverence to the Dead,
Now, when the gleams of summer smile above,
With homage to our Sovereign Lord incline,
Bringing, as myrrh and incense in one shrine,
Our buried sorrow blending with our love.

II

In earlier days, when still he wore
The coronet on princely brow,
With cross and fillet gilded o'er
And fleur-de-lys and arch that bore
The crested mound in golden show,
There came to him from northern strand,
With tears of parting from her land,
But a ringing welcome to hearth and home
In the land she fared to over the foam,
Beauty and sweetness in maiden-form;
And the gladsome clamour burst like a storm,
Pealing in greetings fervent and fleet,
As the thousands cheered in the crowded street.
And the budding welcome has bloomed to love,
Fairer and richer as years rolled on,
Gleaming through trials that came to prove

How bright were the hues of the flower that shone
  Rooted deep in a people's breast,
Lighting the darkness of sickness and fear,
When the gloom of a severed life seemed near,
Breathing the scent of a nation's prayer,
And a nation's gladness that filled the air
  When the dawning of health brought rest.

III

We waited for carol of wedding-bell,
  As the Firstborn ripened and grew:
But the voice on the breeze was a funeral-knell;
  And the quickened heart of the land beat true
To the throb of a mother's grief, and strong
  Was the tightening clasp of a nation's troth,
True in the gladness and tears that belong
  To palace and people alike, that both
On the threshold of feeling may meet, nor lone
Be the sorrow to bear when it smites the throne,
And the mingling of joys may flow deep
  Birthday of blessings be held to-day,
Deeper be joys than they ever have been:
  Fourfold the decades are passing away
  Since she dawned on our love, to her crowning we pay
Our welcome fourfold, Sovereign Lady and Queen.

IV

Whence, in the bounds of wide domains
  O'er which the flags of Britain float,
Come they whose loyalty maintains
  An empire's rule on shores remote,
Eager to grace the pageantry of state
With loyal speech and trust inviolate?
To them sailed forth—where welcome could not fail—
  Second in birth, in princely order prime,
Their Royal Guest, through southern calm, and gale
  Of northern seas, and zones of varying clime,

Hasting, with loving Bride, to those who reach
  Heart-tendrils clinging to the motherland,
And stretch with spiritual touch from each to each,
  Though severing oceans roar from strand to strand,—
Empire, Dominion, Commonwealth, Estate,—
Names linked with ancient feud and peoples' hate,
Henceforth in heart and will confederate.
    Let might be ancient order, love, the new:
  Might, that but builds the outer forms of rule;
Love, that, an inner impulse spreading true,
  From root to bud pours vigour deep and full,
Nor leaves an empty bark to peel and mould
From off the cankered cells its bands enfold.
Come now, from lands to which the royal pair
  From throne and realm brought greeting, e'en from those
Where presence failed, but utterance flew to bear
  Goodwill and concord. Come, from arctic snows
And tropic sand-drift, lands of pine and palm,
  Maple and fir; and where the fisher dwells
Beside the lone Pacific; and where, calm,
  The wave creeps round Comorin's Cape, or swells
Beneath the storm that round the headland blows
Which brave Da Gama weathered with his prows.

V

    Last of our Edwards, till—which Heaven delay—
  From son to son the sceptre pass again,
And York's fair bud, blooming at full, display
  Vigour and sweetness from ancestral strain,
Stock of Bretwalda, Jarl, and Duke, and Thane,
From Norseland creeks and garths of Aquitaine,
Steeps of the vapoury west, and slopes of southern plain:
  Till then, in sheltering ward be growth matured,
While frame and soul—as stem and bloom in flower—
  Grow fit for sun or storm to be endured
In empire's noontide hour.
    As some fair orb, in galaxy of stars
That in one name link separate globes of light,

Some faintly glimmering, some surpassing bright,
So shine our Seventh Edward: while no clouds
  Of hazy popular prejudice, like bars
Of marish-mists, hang forth their chilling shrouds
'Twixt kingly presence heightened to full glow
  By kingly purpose, and the hearts that wait,
Still warm in unforgetfulness, to show
  Resolve in acts that shall make England great.
    E'en as the elder Edward, warrior born
Of scholar sire, our Alfred, ruled o'er lands
  Welded in one, and realms by tumult torn
Knew passing peace: so, but in lasting bands
Of loving sway, not shadowed by the sword,
  Be gathered Saxon, Angle, Dane and Jute;
  Still let brave Wales the spreading rule salute,
And valiant Scots "choose Edward, sire and lord."
    More favoured he than that lone youth who died,
  Struck by a murderous blade, amid the strife
Of church and realm, when factions raging wide
  Gave death to him, the Martyr, but left life
And rule to redeless boyhood—for he climbs
  In the Confessor's seat, and wears his crown:
  Heir unto him who, growing in renown
As saint and scholar through succeeding times,
Poured Norman currents through the nation's heart,
  Norman himself in soul, in mingled veins
Only half Saxon: still he dwells apart
  In mystic influence: paramount remains
    His name at crowning; even from his shrine
  Holding symbolic rule with staff and crown
  And ring and braided tunic handed down,
And Laws upheld through many a kingly line.
    And he who, chivalrous in soul and deed,
Waged war with stronger foes than alien powers—
  Misrule, perverted Justice, Feudal Greed—
Within a people's will, in threatening hours,
Fencing his rule, lover of Eleanor,
  Lover of England: he a brightness wears
In which, the sparks of battle pale before

The glow that gathers strength through fostering years,
Of faith and honour, patience, wisdom, trust:
Still ours, though the First Edward sleeps in dust.
As if to show with what a tarnished gleam,
E'en in the concourse of a golden throng,
A lurid orb may dwindle till it seem
But as a foil to rays it hangs among,
Berkeley's pale victim lingers as a wraith,
Death-doomed by dalliance, feud, and broken faith,
By the drear dimness of all fires save hate,
Heightening a father's sheen, and leading on
Admiring eyes to rest upon a son
Among our sceptred Edwards justly great.
Yet, when the fields of Crecy and Poitiers
Have earned their meed, let still the thought prevail,
That even as love is the more excellent way,
Alliance wins where strife would only fail:
More lasting good to suffering England came,
From Flemish looms and appanage of trade
Than smoking fields of France and peace delayed
'Mid wasted wealth and villeinage aflame.
Still, whatsoe'er the conflict, so the cause
Be just, O England, let thy sons renew
That strength wherewith thy yeomen, through just laws
Stalwart in freedom, on the foemen drew
The unerring bow-shaft, and that heart that dares,
Through fierce mêlée or tedious, long delays,
To press its end, that kindliness that bears
Goodwill to fallen in the midst of frays.
Not, as when warring claims of White and Red
Cut rule in twain, and every sword-thrust played
'Twixt rival crowns the heated life-blood shed
Of subject hearts in hostile ranks arrayed—
Dark feud of York and Lancaster, delayed
Through fitful gleams of peace, by might and main,
When the Fourth Edward, strong from Tewkesbury, swayed
A steadfast sceptre, to be dashed again
From out a boy king's grasp, and broken lie
'Neath Richmond's heel, at Bosworth's victory.

Frail Tudor Rose, in thee but briefly bloomed
The blended hues, in re-united sheen,
Sixth Edward, early reigning, and entombed
Ere sixteen years of failing life had been!
Whatever boons to church and realm were given,
Whatever wealth or learning graced thy reign,
'Mid shattered faiths, 'mid customs harshly riven,
'Mid secular fortunes built on plundered gain,
Still be to us the open page maintained,
Enlightening Record of eternal power;
Still flow the tide of thought that outlet gained
Through school and hall, endowed from wasted dower:
These be the goodly springs the people crave,
Knowledge and Truth and Wisdom's deepening wave.

VI

Welcome the Seventh Edward, as the western doors unfold,
On to his royal crowning passing in solemn array,
Entering the Courts of the Lord with gleaming of gems and gold,
Greeted with music of voices and stillness of hearts that pray.
If not in the hearts of the people is the throne of his ruling set,
How shall the pillars stand when the breath of the storm is nigh?
Vows that the lips have uttered let never the soul forget,
Steadfast abide the welcome and oath that is scrolled on high.
Ask of the East the question, O chosen Prelate, and cry
South where the people gather, and West let the summons fly,
North let the words be spoken, that all may the call obey:
"The King of the Realm is before you, will ye do him homage to-day?"
Then many the tongues that greet him, but one is the people's voice,
As the monarch stands in their midst, and smiles on the hearts he sways,
For he claims not his throne as an heirloom, but stands as the people's choice,
Not borne aloft on the swinging shield, as a warrior in Teuton days,
Yet lifted upon his seat by the arms of his noble peers,
Acclaimed by a people's welcome and the ring of a people's cheers,
While the trumpets scatter the joy abroad through the depths of the Abbey's bays.

Costly and bright is the jewelled wealth on the gleaming altar laid,
Staff and sceptre and knightly spurs and orb and ancestral crown;
But still, as the symbols gather, is the gift of the sword delayed,
For keen are the glaives of Justice to Church and to State displayed,
But the Sword of Mercy is curtal, and dull that it cut not down.
The Vessels of Holy Service and the Book of the Holy Word
Are ready for heavenly strengthening and record of solemn vow,
And the perfume of costly Ointment in the golden eagle is stored
For the unction of regal Sacring on palms and on breast and brow.
True to the people's will shall statute and law be maintained,
Law and Justice shall flourish in mercy, by kingly power,
And the freedom of purified faith, by travail and conflict gained,
Shall abide and be held secure on the pledge of this solemn hour.
In the Chair of the Sainted Edward has our Edward taken his seat,
And above him the Golden Tissue is lifted by knightly hands,
And he yields to the brief anointing, and kneels when the rite complete
Is followed by holy prayer as the Primate over him stands.
Prayer goeth up to that King by whom is all rule alone,
That e'en as the oil of gladness may flow the blessings of Heaven:
Blessing on head and heart, in wisdom and kindliness shown,
Blessing on works of hands for the wide realm's welfare given,
And blessing of rest at last from the cares of an earthly throne.
Bring to him knightly Spurs for service courteous and true,
Gird him with Sword of Justice, redeemed, and held from on high,
Invest him with Robe of ermine, golden in tissue and hue,
And round him thus as a robe may salvation and righteousness lie.
Emblem of kingly rule, be the Ring on his finger placed,
The Sceptre and Cross of kingly power let his right hand hold,
In the Rod and the spreading Dove be mercy and equity traced
Which his left hand holds as his brow is crowned with the Crown of gold.
In the Chair of the Sainted Edward is Edward the King acclaimed,
With clamour of people's voices and blazon of trumpet-blare,
With thunder of drum and thunder of cannon afar proclaimed,
And on to the ends of the world through the sea and the quivering air.
He, who has taken the Word of the Lord as his law to-day,
Shall pass with blessing of Prelate and anthem on to his throne,
Lifted by Peers to his session, who round him their homage shall pay,
Liegemen of life and limb, as faithful service they own.

Firm may he stand and hold—as the Servant of God has said—
The seat and state of his power as a charge from on high sent down.
Strengthened by faith and resolve, as he kneels for the Wine and the Bread
By the side of the Bride who, with him, has passed to a throne and a crown.
Crowns for a while be doffed and sceptres be laid aside:
Open, O royal hearts, that the King of Kings may come in;
Low, at the Footstool of God, does the might of the crown begin,
Firmer shall be the sway o'er an empire stretching wide.
As the pageant fades from the Abbey, and the greeting is loud in the street,
And the joy that acclaimed their coming springs up on their homeward way,
Let the fervour of loyal hearts again the blessing repeat
That fell from the Primate's lips, as in splendour of state complete
The Monarch, sceptred and crowned, shone forth in royal array:—
"Blessing of God be upon them, and bright may his countenance shine,
Loyal and true be the service that all in the Empire afford,
In their days let mercy with truth and justice and peace combine,
Their strength be wisdom and knowledge, their treasure the fear of the Lord.
Many be earthly days, with gladness and weal aglow,
Fleets and armies be strong, as bulwarks on sea and shore,
Reverence and love, with widening dominion, prosper and grow,
Favour with God and man increase ever more and more!"

ODE No. 553 Pseudonym - URANIA

By LAURA G. ACKROYD
17 Arkwright Mansions
Finchley Road, London, N.

## CORONATION ODE

June 1902

Imperial City, shrining holy dust
Beneath the stones thy ardent children tread,
Pouring thy wealth—O beautiful, bounteous giver!
Into the golden coffers of the world;
By all the poignancy and pow'r thou hast,
By all the pangs and glory of the past,
By all the aims which make thy purpose vast,
Welcome in peace to-day
Our Lord and Head.
Welcome in peace a king whose path has wound
Unredden'd to the borders of thy ancient river.
Welcome, and with thy richest smile anoint
One sanction'd by a nation's trust,
Who cometh nobly to be crown'd.
Bid him "All hail" with carillons and chimes,
Fashion thy walls with scarlet and with gold.
On bridge and roof and buttress let there be
Faces, glad faces, for the king to see!
Brighten thy towers and turrets in the sun,
Breathe low through leafage of the elms and limes
That make a dim and vernal sanctuary
In the loud city's heart! Be brave with bloom,
As if thou knew'st the work to-day begun
Masking in pageantry benignant power,
Shall set a purer, more consummate flower
On England's bosom than her prophets dream.
For as, young summer being come again,
The wild-rose born of air and wistful rain

Spreads o'er the brier, after months of storm,
Her shell-like petals brimm'd with faery wine;
So in the battle's frenzy there is made
The fabric of that flawless Rose of Peace,
Quick with immediate scent—God's thought, array'd
In vesture of a loveliness divine—
Which men shall cherish when their long feuds cease.

Welcome our Lord and Head
In England's name, for he is England now,
The symbol of a widening empery
Which shall expand, as human needs expand,
In waves of progress pouring tirelessly
O'er tracts of parch'd, infertile land,
Waiting the forceful flood.
Yea, he is born of England's valorous blood,
And rules by right of laws which mould his fate,
Ev'n as they made us great.
Now is our triumph, now our rich reward!
We reap—not that red harvest of the sword
The tigerish lust of hate once sow'd for men!
But fruitful increase of the temperate mind
Beneficently taught.
Now is the purpose of that venturous zest,—
The stern, austere, unconquerable hope
Which urged our fathers over whitening seas
To found anew their State, made manifest.
Have we not spann'd the gorge,
Traced the deep cañon, swept the prairie-line;
Languish'd in bush and veldt, consum'd with drouth;
Bridg'd the broad rivers, rais'd a humble roof
In awful desolation; dug the kloof,
And hew'd, and wrought, to bring this thing to pass,—
This great confederacy of East and West,
And North, and glowing South?
"Mine, all is mine," she saith—our Mother!—"Yet
To devastate, oppress, or crush,—not mine!
Not mine to hold with greed and tyranny,
Not mine to quell with mandate and behest;

But mine to help and succour and upbuild,
Because these lordly children of the earth
Were nourish'd at my breast!
Because their victory is my fame,
Because we share a common life and name."

And thou, Imperial Sovereign,—and thou, Queen,
With that fair, tender face which thrills the heart,
Blessing thee for thy simple womanhood!—
Come proudly through the sunlight to thy throne.
England is here,—the England that has been,
Whose history, 'graved on every crumbling stone,
Makes proud remembrance!—England of the past,
With all its rich, insurgent, strenuous life
In old traditions fettered not so fast
But, one by one, they snapp'd, when broadening thought
was rife!—
And that more splendid England yet to be,
Wide as the universe, whose sons no sea
Divides, no continent may hold apart,—
An empire vigorous with the strength of youth,
Whose soldiers are valiant for the truth
As steadfast in the field;
Whose statesmen follow not the trivial end,
But seek a common good to which great efforts tend.

O fair and ancient land! Thy pastoral meads,
And gaunt rocks girdled with bewildering foam;
Thy hawthorn-brakes, thy mute tarns thick with reeds,
Thy wind-swept moors and woods, thy little dells
Where April swings her purple hyacinth-bells,
And shyer gentians lurk,—still shall these call
The spirit of the hard adventurer home,
Compose the lyric theme of poets' songs,
And give the conscious artist light and tint.
But greater triumph yet to thee belongs!
For thine shall be the voice to shake
A new world, hardly yet awake;
And thine shall be the hand to guide
Strong nations with thyself allied.

And thine shall be the skill to keep
The highway of the ruthless deep.
And thine shall be the flag unfurl'd
In wildernesses of the world.
Yea, thine shall be the strength and zeal
Of Power, arm'd from head to heel,
Yet with a kind and gentle hand,
A voice to urge, persuade, command.
For thou, with sins to expiate,—
A mighty, not a faultless, state,—
Hast triumph'd, even in the dust,
Because thy general aim is just.

Imperial City, welcoming a king,
Honour, acclaim him, crown his royal brows;
Bind him with solemn, consecrated vows,
To serve a people's needs, then shout, and sing.
Through ev'ry street and byway sound the name
Of him whose heart is England's, and his glory hers.

ODE No. 870 Pseudonym—L'AVEUGLE

By A. VAUTIER GOLDING
19 Greenfield Crescent
Edgbaston, Birmingham

## CORONAL

Slow creeps the river from the glaring sands
That reek and shimmer in the noonday heat,
Grateful to shelter 'neath the yellow palms
Where dusky children scramble for the fruit
And, with the stones, make war upon their mates
Among the gaudy crotons; grateful, too,
Idly to loiter where the wading crane
Mingles his crimson with the golden sedge,
And the young lotus flushing in her pride
Cradles her firstborn on the shallow creek;
Grateful awhile to linger by the steps
And be a mirror to the comely maid
Who, downward bending, dallies loth to plash
Her pitcher through the image of her grace;
On to the sluices, whence the thirsty soil
Makes the good sap that swells the flax and corn,
The simple food and dress of happy folk
Whose care is for the Master's living things.

Stretched in the mottled shadows, where the fence
Of red hibiscus marks the village bounds,
Cut off from service to his fellow men,
Outcast from daily prayer of useful toil
Done in the temple of God's wondrous earth,
Blind Lasphah lay and looked into his night.

* * *

And lo the stars were noble suns that soared

BURMAH
HINDOSTAN
JAS: ALLAN DUNCAN
GOD
SAVE
THE
KING
HEAVEN'S LIGHT OUR GUIDE

ASIA

Into the heights of space to serve their God,
And knew no night of rest but held his will
One ceaseless day of joyous industry
Blending material to fit his thought,
Bringing forth planets furnished to his will
With things that live and do, produce and pass,
Fair forms that hold awhile his breath divine,
Mortal exponents of immortal love
Incomparable to the life of earth
In mould or scope of sense or power of thought.
And Lásphah saw the myriad planet broods
Circling their suns for nurture, warmth and light
By day and night through years that in earth's scale
Were some as decades, some as centuries,
And some immeasurable flights of time.
And they who dwelt upon the greater spheres
Were as one people in the peace of God
Taking first thought toward the mutual weal;
And planet dealt with planet o'er the void
As nation deals with nation on the earth
Save 'twas in love and not in wasteful strife
Of cruel steel and still more fatal gold.
While brilliant comets sped from sun to sun
Bearing God's spirit through the universe.
And Lasphah ground his teeth in utter shame
Of earth's rude merits and her raw defects.
"There is no death. The faithful do but pass
From this fair garden to a fairer still,
And leave unrestful toil for active peace,
Five meagre senses for an ecstasy
Of power to penetrate the vast unknown
Until the new grow old and ask fresh change
For further scope, and so for evermore.
Then surely She is never never dead,
But living bravely for some empire's weal
Taking sweet counsel for the maimed and blind
Spending her love upon the destitute:
Surely the Great Queen Mother is not dead!"
And Lasphah beat his breast and cried aloud.

"No voice can pass the distant spheres that here so dimly shine
Poised in illimitable space through time's unending line:
Yet can thy spirit's presence reach this prison house of mine.

"Here, in the fading western glow that sets the moonbeam free,—
Here, in the hush of dying day upon the whispering sea,
Speak in the silence of the stars if there be peace with thee.

"For here 'tis but the ghost of peace—the peace of stifled fears;
For in the draught of golden dawn earth's poisoning pain appears:—
Say—Is thy spirit-chalice freed from taste of human tears?

"From West to East, from West to East, till East is West again
Each lone world swings her burden round her sun's unbending chain.
Speak—Is thy bourne so distant that it cannot feel their pain?

"Each lone earth whirls her dwellers through the shadow and the light
And as they know of brighter day they know of deeper night:
Say—Does thy sorrow quicken with thy wisdom's clearer sight?

"Is might the right of all the worlds that beast can prey on beast,
That toil may struggle fasting while idleness may feast?
Speak—Do the spirits serve him first who needeth service least?"

Then suddenly there fixed him from afar
The loved and sacred presence of his Queen
Who late was fettered by an earthly throne
But now had power to exercise her love
Crowned with the glory of good work well done:
And thus her thought vibrated to his brain:

"Lasphah have done with wrath and bitterness,
Be not afraid for God's less happy things;
Earth's bruised atoms may be precious stones
Set in the radiance of infinity.
Circling her sun for some few million turns,
Earth still runs wild in crude and thoughtless youth
But in maturer centuries will change

And hold a wisdom that endures no waste,
No needless human wreckage in her toil,
No cause for crippled babe to cry unheard
Or blindling's plea to fall on stubborn ears:
But ah, how slow this wisdom moves, how slow!
What can a throne do if a people halt?
How slow a young world profits by their cry
Whose bitter grapes have edged their children's teeth!"

And then there fell on Lasphah's ears a dirge
As though of mourners aching to be freed
From barren spheres outcast upon the void
Of wantons who may never taste of peace
Until their mortal deeds are rectified.

"Master, undø this evil we have done;
For Thou alone canst make the crooked straight,
Number the wanting and the new create.
See how our children sweat beneath the sun
Bearing the burdens that accumulate
Of usur'd sin in our lost lives begun.

"Master, undo the evil of our hand;
For from our tilth grew out this graceless tare:
See how the guiltless babe perforce must bear
The venom'd shackle and the festering band
Of vice his heirdom, or the chill despair
Of penury foredoomed, disease foreplanned.

"They eat our wormwood and they think it bread,
They drink our gall and call it golden wine,
They read the words we wrote as word of Thine,
Speak the same wanton blasphemies we said,
All heedless till their wasted bodies pine,
Their souls grow bitter in a faith misled.

"And we who in the former life had power
In palace, temple, hall or cottage home;
Gaze helpless now to guide those feet that roam
The wilderness we made,—to save the flower

Whose petals early fall upon the loam
So grossly burdened by our choking dower.

"Master, undo this evil of our soul,
Open the eyes that see so dimly yet,
Lest they prolong our sin till it beget
More for the aching shoulders of the whole
To bear and expiate in blood and sweat
Ere earth unfettered win her peaceful goal."

. . . . .

On creeps the river, lingering loth to part
From cherished scenes, until with gloomy brow
It takes the narrows to the cataract,
Grumbling to seek the city's stench and gold
And foul polluting thraldom of the mills
Where men exist engrooved in loveless toil,
Taught by the ugly bondage of their times
To loathe the work and care but for the wage,
Pitting their sloth against their masters' greed;
And so toward the sea.

And Lasphah rose
With troubled heart to beg his evening bread;
For now beneath the palms, with trampling feet
Crowding in fever'd haste, the herded swine
Shouldered their fellows from the feeding-trough
Trembling lest theirs should be the lesser glut:
And, as he groped his way from door to door
He muttered on—

"How slow it moves, how slow!
*What can a throne do if a people halt?*"

ODE No. 304 Pseudonym—PENDENNIS

By Colonel G. H. TREVOR, C.S.I.
Union Club, Brighton, Sussex

## ODE FOR THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA

In Westminster Abbey on June 26, 1902

Let the King be crowned
In the treasure-house of our land's renown,
With the names of her great ones graven round:
At the shrine where for centuries kings and queens
Have been crowned and anointed let him kneel,
Knowing that Coronation means
From the Lord and in His sight as a sacramental rite
Receiving the crown;—

From the Lord and by consent
Of the people's glad acclaim:
Not as Norman William came
To the kingdom he had rent,
Rooting up the Saxon soil,
The Conqueror accurst—
Who in this Abbey first
Was crowned, with pliant priest to consecrate his spoil:
Nor as after kings ill-starred
Or unworthy of their trust,
When the throne was deeply scarred
By bigotry or lust—
Our Seventh Edward comes, but heir
To all the triumphs of the ages;
To world-wide empire such as ne'er
Was dreamt of even in poet's pages;
To victories by science won
And conquests of benevolence;

To the wide love and reverence
That a queen-mother without stain,
Who travailed for her people's gain,
By the noblest and the longest reign
Bequeathed her son.

A peerless heritage: yet he,
Thro' long apprenticeship to kingly ways
And princely bearing, taught the world to see,
Before Victoria passed beyond its praise,
His ermine would not shame her length of days.
Therefore our hopes to-day
Are full midsummer, June throughout, and ring
Responsive to the pageant of our King
And its magnificent array.
Let bells ring out from every tower and spire,
And hills be crowned with welcome writ in fire,
The poor be feasted, and the rich be glad
To ease the burdens of the sick and sad;
Let trumpets blow and martial music roll,
Our streets be hung with banneret and scroll,
And London shout for gladness, heart and soul:
Her cheers upon his way
To the old Abbey and the homage paid
Within its sacred shade
That ancient stone before
Which the First Edward once from Scotland bore,
Are but as fragments of the voice
Of fealty over land and sea
From tens of millions who with us rejoice;—

Rejoice for him and thee,
Queen of the pageant, Britain's star and pride
Since first across the main
Thou camest, lovely Dane,
To be our prince's bride.
We loved thee for the beauty and the grace
That shining not alone in form and face
Made every heart thy throne and dwelling-place;

And now that spring has flown
And lights of autumn quiver in the air—
For time and change are everywhere,
Tho' thou remainest fair—
Our love not less hath grown
As nursing happy memories
A grateful England sees
Thy children's children at thy knees,
And thee, in simple majesty serene,
Proclaimed her Queen.

Here in the holy shade
Of the Confessor's shrine
The dust of dynasties is laid—
Is graven line by line
In sculptured and memorial stone
The history of our Island throne—
From the Third Henry and his greater son
To him who fought and won
At Agincourt, and whose Red Rose
In English story glows
Entwined by reconciling death
With the White Rose of great Elizabeth.
Here, too, the virgin Queen
Sleeps by her sister's side
In peace which life denied,
And near that other Mary, Scotland's pride
And flower of France,
The minstrel's lode-star of Romance
In hall and bower,
Of all men the desire,
A queen of sword and fire,
With beauty for her desolating dower.
Hither in death the Great Protector came,
Whose mighty name
Reverberates thro' time, but not to rest.
The hand of Doom,
Restoring whom he dispossest,
Despoiled the spoiler of an honoured tomb.

Of these and many a royal head
Crowned and discrowned in majesty
Of life and death; of heroes dead
Who made our England great and free
And spread her glory over sea
Our Abbey guards the memory—
Enfolding all in one embrace,
Commending all to God's good grace,
Bidding the world's vain quarrels cease,
And whispering peace.

What temple made of men, what scene
Of bygone pageants manifold
So worthy to behold
This coming of a king and queen:
This crowning of imperial brows
And Sacrament of regal vows,
The living and the dead between?

[Here, for want of space, some stanzas, chiefly descriptive of the ceremonial in the Abbey, have been omitted.]

Princes of East and West,
From the Heir of the Isles whose fame
Is first on the rolling seas,
Whose flag is on every breeze,
To the lord of an unknown name:
From the lands of winter and snow,
The peaks of the eagle's nest,
To the south wind's home across the foam
Where life is a dream of rest,—
To the plains where the sunsets always glow
And stars are clear and skies are blue
The whole year thro':

Envoys from far and near,
Gathered a monarch to greet,
Men who bow with a foreign grace,
Men of the stock that made our race
And can feel our pulses beat—

Go, tell the nations and kings
Ye serve by your presence here
Of this glorious scene of the King and Queen
Whom the English people cheer;
Let your children's children speak of the things
Ye saw, and of those that stood around
When they were crowned.

And thou, blest Heir of the Isles,
Who with thy Princess sailed the main
To strengthen by your words and smiles
An Empire's golden chain,
And, standing where thy father stood,
To forge new links of brotherhood—

Canadian woods, Australian plains,
Cities and men of our own tongue,
With England running in their veins,
And other races sprung
From older seed, are echoing still,
O Prince, thy message of good will!

The message of the mother-land
That counts her children's cause her own,
And clasps in love the loyal hand
Stretched out toward her throne—
That mourns the loyal life laid down
To keep unscathed her Empire's crown.

To many a hospitable shore
Upon the world's great waterways,
Prince and Princess, ye gladly bore
That message of our praise
And love; and from your lofty place
Ye clothed it with a special grace.

Thro' you the King with gracious smile
Spake to his subjects; and thro' you

There came from continent and isle
Response warm-hearted, true.
We bless you as to-day ye stand
Before the Throne on either hand.

And now in this glad hour
We praise the Almighty Power
That maketh wars in all the world to cease,
For that His Will at last,
Thro' tyranny overpast,
Ruin and sacrifice hath ordered Peace—
Deep wounds to heal, old hatred to allay:
To bid the Boer forsake
His dream and feud, and take
Of Britain's Common Weal, the emblem of her sway.

Peace—and how long we have sought for it:
Peace—and how long we have fought for it,
Prayed for it, paid for it
Dearly, but now it is won—
The pearl above price, the joy of an Empire's renown—
The jewel we wanted to set in our Edward's crown—
Thank God it is there to-day, and the war is over and done.

King that hast sworn to defend the rights of the Church and the State
As established by custom and law, the laws of God to maintain,
The Parliament's statutes to keep and not break—thy power is great,
Let it stand for a beacon of light and of truth thro' the days of thy reign.

To govern with justice in mercy, the creed of the Christ to uphold,
Is thine by the word of thy vow—may its crown of fulfilment be thine!
For this is the glory of kings, above circlet of jewels and gold,
The birthright of princes and lords which the peoples acknowledge divine.

ODE No. 582 Pseudonym—ANGLO-AFRICANA

By Miss ANNA HOWARTH
Boxmoor, Kleinpoort
Cape Colony, South Africa

## CORONATION ODE

'Tis midnight on the veldt. Stars in high heaven
Shed golden light upon the darksome hour,
Their wondrous march, by unseen forces driven,
Repeats the tale of order, law, and power.
Beholding, bright and clear,
The rays that reach this distant sphere,
I mind me of their earthly symbol here.
Like stars those jewels shine,
Bright tokens of a human sway benign,
Which on a kingly brow shall glisten once again.
For this fair night,—
With lamps of God alight,—
This is thy Coronation eve, Ruler of men.

Here, where I lonely keep
My watch, while others sleep,
Is nought to see or hear but mighty solitude.
The boundless veldt encircles me below,
The gorgeous vaults of heaven above me glow,
The mountains rear their heads in jagged outline rude.
There, o'er two thousand leagues of land and sea,
On that far island shore, right dear to me,
Which yearns through darkness for the morrow's sun,—
There wakes and labours yet full many a one,
Who for that splendid morrow still prepare.
While many sleep with hearts awake,
Glad for thy sake,
And eager in the homage of a world to share.

RHODESIA
TRANSVAAL
ORANGE RIVER
CENTRAL AFRICA
GOD SAVE THE KING
SPES BONA

AFRICA

Then shall those ancient walls
That proudly stand, the same,
Age in, age out, while nations come and go,
As tides upon the river ebb and flow,
Look down once more where summer sunlight falls
Upon the glorious pageantry below.
Thee and thy Queen,
Lords of the mightiest empire earth hath seen,
They welcome home; while thousands shall acclaim,
And tens of thousands echo, Edward's name.
Journeying from far, spokesmen of sovereignty,
The noblest men from all the lands that be
Shall render honour to thy Majesty.

Yet not less dear,
Nor less a treasure for a King to prize,
Greetings from loyal hearts the wide world o'er.
From lonely ocean islets—from the shore
Of fever-stricken swamps—wherever flies
The British flag; or from the far recesses
Of unexplored and unknown wildernesses,
Where treads the daring foot of British pioneer.
King of the seas,
On every main thy vessels court the breeze,
They guard the outworks of thy realm, they feed
Its teeming cities. Hour by hour they speed
From coast to coast,
And every vessel is a floating home
Of loyal English hearts whose proudest boast
It is to be thy servants, wheresoe'er they roam.

Nor value less
The homage of this land in sore distress,
Where, through misfortune dire,
And through adversity's fierce raging fire,
The fine gold of our loyalty hath been tried,
And seven times purified.

Here, where new realms thy sov'reign sway does own,
How many lonely graves are broadcast sown!

Unmasked, unnamed, yet speak they loud and clear
Of valiant men who held their lives less dear
Than King and country. They are gone,
But ne'er shall die the deeds that they have done.

Despise not then the silent speech
Of these unhonoured mounds, for each
Covers a heart that once beat true to thee
With love and loyalty.
Now breathes the first chill air
Across the sleeping veldt, of coming morn,
And whispers to the weary watcher, "Dawn."
Here, 'tis a winter day, dark yet, and cold—but there,
In that far country of thy birth, already gleams
The sun of midsummer. His brilliant beams
With light and glory flood
The mighty city, the great throbbing heart of empire. Far away,
In its remotest channels, flows the eager blood
More quickly, for the joyous beating of that heart to-day.
Dawn then, bright day, and wide the message fling,
Through all His vast possessions let it ring,
Let every loyal voice
In one glad song of unity rejoice—
This is the happy day, England, that crowns our King!

ODE No. 538 Pseudonym—SEMPER FIDELIS

By R. RAMSAY
WYFORDBY
MELTON MOWBRAY

## ON THE CORONATION OF THE KING

THERE we stand,
A people waiting for a star to rise,—
A people watching, and their eager eyes
Fierce with a loyalty that lives and dies
All at the King's command.

Not in vain glory, challenging the past
With mere magnificence, in false array—
The glitter of an impotent display,
And of a triumph waiting to betray,
And curse at last;

But a great calling to the God who stands
By the men he has trusted in the fight
To help the others, ah—the proudest right!—
Knowing that they are ever in his sight
And in his hands.

Great ghosts of kings mistaken, kings betrayed,
And kings who died in exile,—stoop and speak—
When the strong brute was worshipped by the false and weak
And your high courage trampled under lies,
When you had reached at last death's bitter stair,
Was not God there?

The dead, the dead are watching; oh my God
Let us not shame them, who have died for us!
This is no time for trumpeting and pride—

In the dim distance, and—to-night—they died;
And we have lost them—thus.

. . . .

We want a strong man to guide us,
We want a true man to steer,
We want a high-hearted leader
Who never has learnt to fear;
And we want him to face the world with us, to help us to fight and save—
Oh, King of the Seas—be brave!

Half the world is watching darkly
With a falsely smiling face,
And its armour is clanking grimly
As we call you to your place—
But half the world are your children, to die for you if you will—
Oh, King of the Seas—be still!

Across the wild white waters
Your stranger children call,
"Take up, take up your burden
And live to guard us all."
Their call is often distant, their faithfulness is long:—
Oh, King of the Seas—be strong!

The crown has touched your forehead
With a heavy weight and cold,
And the King must bear for ever
That burden of the gold.
Strong men might fall beneath it, and gallant men might stumble;
Oh, King of the Seas—be humble!

A gallant past lives behind us
Wherever the tides run high—
Wherever the sun is burning—
Wherever the dangers lie.
Oh lift us and keep us steadfast: our honour is left with you:—
Oh, King of the Seas—be true!

The sea has brought us its jewels
On its whirling tides of green ;
Its gifts have been high and precious,
And the dearest gift its Queen ;
We loved you at first and for ever, so smile on the patient crowd :
And—Queen of the seas—be proud !

. . . .

Oh, bare your heads in silence, all who wait,
And, with a dimmed gaze, let the pageant by—
Think silently of one who is at rest,
The wonderful—the merciful—the great—
Who sits among her heroes, watching us;
Remember—she has given us our King.

. . . .

And to you, oh King,
We turn, no more forsaken, children lost—
But all courageous, eager in the cry
That we are yours to face the world, and find
There are still stars to reach—still gifts behind—
That we can bring.

*We are yours for aye and always,*
*Our happiness in your hand—*
*We will die like the rest to help you*
*Hold the honour of the land.*
*God judge you if you fail us :*
*God guard you if you stand.*

ODE No. 963 Pseudonym—ALEXANDRINE

By JAMES DOUGLAS
96 Inverness Terrace
Hyde Park
London, W.

I

I heard a song that shook the world with sound
Through city and valley and hill and waste and foam,
A chorus of great nations marching home,
Where a great King sat waiting to be crowned.
Its iron cadence clanged from East to West,
Chiding the blasts that burst upon its breast:
Through Asia and Africa it rushed like fire
O'er Europe to the isle of its desire,
Britain, who breaks the breakers on her limbs
As like a swimmer in her sea she swims
To meet her federal choir.

II

Hail, Motherland, out of whose ancient soil
Seeds of our race over the waves were blown
Far, and the furrows of the bare world sown
With quickening realms and commonweals of toil.
These now with us embrace thee, and their tears,
Mirroring the glory of immemorial years,
On thy dear bosom mingle with our own.
They come with no void vows or shards of phrase,
Only as sons they come, only on thee they gaze,
Knowing their liege love known as thine they know,
Steadfast as long ago.

III

Whence come they? Ask some all-beholding star,
That saw them wrap thy flag about the globe,
Out of its proud folds fashioning a robe,
Gorgeous with broidery of peace and war;
Or bid the sun tell how his arrowy light
Flashes from morn to eve on bayonets bright
That keep Britannic ward around the world;
Or let thy waves that by thy winds are hurled
Against thy sounding shores, and hourly probe
The farthest creeks and inlets of thy fame,
Thy sovereignty proclaim.

IV

Why are they come? They are come to crown the King
But who can bear the burthen of a crown
Heavy with honour, heavy with renown,
Too wonderful for any mouth to sing,
Being made by many hands and set with stones
Torn from the mines of time with myriad groans?
Ah, who is worthy? What heroic brow
Quails not, and to the crown that long ere now
Heard the blood royal beating life to death
In the cold temples of Elizabeth
Due majesty both bring?

V

None, cry the people, none is worthy of her
Whose captains were the flinty fists of doom
That smote the Don, and made the sea a tomb
For England's foes for ever, none but the heir,
None but the firstborn of our Queen of Queens,
Victoria, whose virtue damascenes
Our glaive of empery with diviner gold
Than any our glorying steel guarded of old.

Through all vicissitudes of gleam and gloom,
Our hearts are his, as they were hers, to prove
Our gratitude of love.

VI

And though we mourn our Lady's empty place,
Let not the wine of chivalry be shed
Only in fond libations for the dead:
Pour not its pure devoir and knightly grace
In unavailing grief, for in soft wise
Victoria looks through Alexandra's eyes:
Her womanhood makes womanhood again
A marvel and a miracle to men
Who fear the mystery of a mother's face,
By that old pang of loss made sadly sweet,
And for high queenship meet.

VII

While through our avenues and aisles of joy
These monarchs move, pity their lonely pride:
Though mortals are by mortals glorified,
They are mortals still whom mortal ills annoy
And mortal flaws enfeeble: pity them.
Help them to bear our awful diadem:
Under its splendour aches a splendid pain:
In servitude the Cæsars lived and died,
Kings within kings reign over those who reign,
Our sovereign is the vassal of us all,
Our emperor our thrall.

VIII

We too are slaves chained in the galley, time,
To oars of chance, toiling in waves of doom,
Neath visionary stars that dimly illume
Our voyage perilous to shores sublime
Behind the far horizon of our dreams.

Down our worn thews the sweat of empire streams,
And our salt tears are mixed with stormy spray.
While round our brows the sworded thunders play,
Rending the purple canopy of gloom,
Beyond the ridges that we clave or clomb
We see the wreck of Rome.

IX

Therefore with fearless dread and valorous awe
His mercy let us crave for this our dust
Who made it mighty, and in whom we trust
To make it mightier while we keep His law.
Winnow us, Lord, of our unworthiness,
And all, if aught, found worthy in us, bless.
Vainglory and vile aims burn with Thy fire,
And bind our destiny to Thy desire.
From hates that hinder and from loves that lame
Deliver us, and keep alive our shame
Of sins and wrongs that rust.

X

Behold, our navy sentinels the sea,
Its iron footfall every billow knows,
And every beach, and every wind that blows:
O let us dedicate our might to Thee!
Let all our guns be shotted with Thy word,
And in their throats Thy voice alone be heard.
Give us our course, O God, by day and night,
And be Thy truth our navigating light.
When shuddering through the dark our long line goes,
Let every ship keep station in Thy sight
Who dost defend the right.

ODE No. 823 Pseudonym—ARRAN

By A. RUTLAND
16 Lithos Road
South Hampstead
London, N.W.

## ODE FOR THE CORONATION OF HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

* * *

II

Their gates the silent centuries unbar,
This day of days;
Throughout the wide domain of death, afar
Through all its dusty, immemorial ways,
A thought of England, like reveille, stirs
And calls and wakens all dead sons of hers,
And calls and draws them by some ancient spell
Back to this England that they loved so well—
This England that the golden summer dowers
To-day with fruits and flowers
That slept, like hopes foregone, through winter's long
delays—
Back to this England, theirs who made it ours,
They come this day of days
To crown, with praise and prayers,
The King—our King, and theirs!

III

Theirs!—though their work was done,
Who loved our England so,
In the light of yesterday's sun,
Or a thousand years ago;
For England is no bubble-Empire blown
To float and shine its little hour, and burst,
But slowly it was builded from the first,

Laboriously, stone on stone,
With toil and blood and tears,
By the great dead who built for after-years;
Their wisdom reared our State,
Their strength made England great,
And still their deathless spirits by our side
Fire us to hold unshamed the land for which they died.

IV

This little isle set in the silver sea,
This is that same dear England, fair and free,
That Egbert swayed,
The realm where Alfred wrought and fought and reigned,
Whose boundaries slowly widened as it gained
In wealth and power, in arts and trade,
Till it outgrew the limits of the deep
Whose close encircling sweep
Kept it in lonely happiness impearled,
And growing still in glory and in might,
Orbed to this star of Empire, for a light
And beacon to the world.

V

And those whose toil of brain and hand
Upbuilt our land—
Though some have set their high renown
As jewels in the nation's crown,
The many who kept their humbler trust
Slumber forgotten in the dust;
But they lived for England,
And died for England,
Spent and were spent for England's fame,
And nameless, as long as the ages roll,
Dead, they are England's living soul,
Shrined beyond death in England's name,
And wherever the flag of her people blows,
So long as we triumph on sea and shore,

They are one with England,
A part of England,
They are to England for evermore
What the fragrance is to the rose.

VI

So is it that more watchers throng the street,
More lifted voices greet,
From far and near,
The coming of the King than ears may hear
Or eyes may see; the present and the past
Meet in one billowing concourse vast
Here on the threshold of another age—
Ride in, O King, unto your heritage!
The glories of our ancient sway,
The loyal homage of the free,
The greatness that is ours to-day,
The greatness of the years to be!
We place upon your royal head
The crown of our great Empress, who is dead.
The love we bore her, strong and true,
We yield to-day, O King! to you,
To you and your dear Queen, who shares
Your splendour with you, and your cares;
And still our prayers for you ascend
That God may guard you till the end,
And still for you our lips shall plead
That all this storm of war may cease,
And every shadow pass, and peace
Return and follow where you lead,
That rich in all that peace bestows
Your reign may ripen to the close,
That ever girdled you may stand
With all the love of all your land,
And so, as year by year departs
While envious factions scheme and rage,
Beyond the touch and aim of such
Your throne be in your people's hearts—
Ride in, O King, to your great heritage!

ODE No. 43 Pseudonym—GLENROWAN

By WILL. H. OGILVIE
HOLEFIELD
KELSO, SCOTLAND

## ODE ON THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII

I

Now breaketh the dawn of our splendour,
Now neareth the hour!
To the Faith cometh forth her defender,
Our King to his power!
By sign of the purple and sceptre
This Land of the Free
Takes her lord to the fame that has kept her
Sole Queen of the Sea!

II

Swing, bells, in the belfry tower!
Cometh the seventh Edward to the pride of a line of kings!
Now is the day, O People! Now is the day and hour!
Loud as the tide on our Island cliffs the roar of our welcome rings!
Shine out, O Sun! Shine out for loyal England!
Flaunt ye, O Banners of homage, from archway and house-top and dome
For the king who has love for a kingdom
And hearts for a home!

III

Here 'neath our Abbey's storied wall
'Mid royal dukes and envoys set,
And all the best at England's call

Of mitre and of coronet,
King Edward comes to claim his own—
Europe's most reaching sceptre and the wide world's strongest throne.

Here in the city's throbbing heart
Our sons of Greater England sit,
Of Empire these not least a part
Who gave their sons to die for it,
Nailed the old flag upon the mast
And choked the coward lie that said our England's power was past!

Here in the thronging cheering street
The city's toiling millions stand
This ruler of their choice to greet
With ringing voice and restless hand
Bred at his palace gates they hold
Love of his line a heritage from out the years of old!

IV

Sparkle of jewels, and glamour of gold!
But a brighter sheen and a value truer,
And a gem that is counted all gems above
Richer than ruby and Koh-i-Noor,
A nation's homage—a people's love
In the crown of your generous years you wove!

Sceptre that shadows the rim of the world!
Yet a kindly hand that may reach as far,
And a heart that may rule by a softer sway;
Shall the earth divide or the oceans bar
When the heart of a monarch shall seek the way
O'er an Empire holding a world at bay?

V

Long live King Edward! May his years of rule be peace,
A wide-flung mother-peace that clasps the restless world,
In which the stamping wild war-squadrons rein and cease,
The jealous flaunting flags for all earth's time be furled!

But if dread war be written in the Book of Fate,
If Honour call us forward bidding us to stand,
Then when the foeman's sword-hilt clangs upon the gate
For Edward and for England let our guns be manned!

Then, come what may come, wrapped in our Channel-mist,
The foe that donned his armour light-heart for the field,
Shall find us well prepared and tear his bleeding fist
Upon the iron spikes that stud our silver shield!

Long live King Edward! East and Westward let it ring!
Spur to our Island pride—fear to our foreign foe!
From England's heart to all the world—Long live the King!
Glad music for the Empire sea-winds as they go!

In addition to the foregoing Odes, all of which received the commendation of the Judges, there are a number of others of conspicuous merit (see p. lxxx.), which it is impossible to publish here, but which will be included in the volume of Odes under the title of "An Empire's Greeting," which is to be issued immediately by Messrs. Isbister and Co. Meanwhile we give in the following pages specimens showing the excellent quality of many of the compositions received from parts of the Empire not represented in those published above.

ATHABASCA
ASSINEBOINE
QUEBEC
ONTARIO
GOD SAVE THE KING
JAS. ALLAN DUNCAN

CANADA.

## FROM CANADA

### THE CLOSING CANTOS OF AN ODE

By the Rev. J. R. NEWELL
Markdale
Ontario, Canada

* * *

II

Touch but the farthest points which mark
The Empire's bounds in east or west,
And quick as the electric spark
There starts a tremor of unrest,—

* * *

Controlled by one responsive mind,
Which governs continents and seas,
Strong hands unfurl to every wind
A flag which floats on every breeze;

Beneath whose folds no tyrant King
Nor ruthless people find abode;
But freedom folds her dewy wing,
And nestles at the feet of God.

III

* * *

Millions of hearts are expectant, waiting the conquests of Right,
Planned in the reign of Another—now in a halo of light,—
Planned in a Woman's devotion with heart of affection and truth,
Lived for till hands had grown aged redeeming the pledges of youth.

Bright are the footprints behind her where Kings of her Line are to tread,
And he who is throned as her heir has a hope and a God overhead,—
A hope and a God to uplift him to heights where no Monarch has stood
In the waves of an ultimate glory, which beat on the Throne like a flood

* * *

Faith on her eagle-plumed pinions is soaring aloft and afar,
Nations are looking in wonder, and, over the tumult of war,
Falls, like a star of the evening, a message the angels would bring:—
Heaven's best gift to the people is Truth in the heart of the King.

* * *

IV

God save our gracious King,
Let all the people sing,
  God save the King;
By aged and by young,
By every race and tongue,
On sea and land be sung
  God save the King.

Let his broad Empire wake,
Land, ocean, stream and lake,
  As swells the strain,
Till hate and discord flee,
And truth and loyalty
Shall utter far and free
  The glad refrain.

God save the King who reigns
To loose the captive's chains,
  And freedom bring;
Be his the dauntless mind,
In peace and war to find
The good of all mankind;
  God save the King!

## FROM THE ISLANDS OF THE SEA

### PORTIONS OF AN ODE

By His Honour Mr. Justice CONDÉ WILLIAMS
Mauritius

I

By Windsor's turrets grey,
Whence roams the eye from grove to winding stream,
I gazed and mused, one idle summer's day,
And dreamed a noble dream.

II

Methought, a motley band,
Of many races, stood before me there;
Ranged on one gracious figure's either hand—
A white-robed maiden fair.

III

Pure was her brow; her look,
Beaming full brightly from a clear blue eye,
Spoke but of Truth and Honour, that can brook
No baseness, and no lie.

IV

A wreath she seemed to wear—
Shamrock and Thistle, lovingly entwined
With the Red Rose, whose perfume filled the air;
Borne on the summer wind.

V

Upon a baby-boy
Nestling beside her, she looked kindly down.

THE ISLANDS OF THE SEA

Bearing a bright Red Dragon, as a toy,
He grasped the Maiden's gown.

NOTE.—Stanzas VI. to XI. describe figures personifying the various parts of the British Empire. Then—

XII

And now, with silv'ry voice,
The Maiden spoke—"All these my kindred are,
Here gathered, to make merry and rejoice,
From distant lands and far:

XIII

"From Ind—from Austral plain—
Canadian forest—canefield of the West—
From Isles, like that which rears, o'er Indian main,
Its cone-inverted crest—

XIV

"From Eastern jungle, haunt
Of tiger fierce—from fields of maize and rice—
From where the weird muezzin lifts his chaunt—
From realms of snow and ice—

XV

"From Buddha's favoured isle—
From junk-fill'd harbour of the far Cathay—
From where Berea's bosom'd villas smile
O'er Durban's land-locked bay—

XVI

"From Cyprus, rich in dreams
Of Paphian groves, and temples reared in vain—
From fair New Zealand's mountains, springs, and streams,
Where Peace and Plenty reign—

XVII

"From such wide-sunder'd lands,
Whereon the sun ne'er sets, his subjects bring,
No sordid spoils, but loving hearts and hands
As tribute to their king.

XVIII

"EDWARD, upon whose brow
To-day's great rite a diadem shall place,
The Crown his Mother wore with honour, now
Her Son shall not disgrace.

XIX

"But, through ennobled life,
A Monarch worthy of his Sire shall prove;
Turning the nation's heart, from deeds of strife,
To deeds of Peace and Love."

. . . .

XX

She spoke; and, but as one,
Ten thousand plaudits rose upon the gale:
"Hail to our lost Victoria's Royal Son—
Imperial EDWARD, hail!"

## FROM VICTORIA

In addition to the 74 Odes from New Zealand, the Commonwealth of Australia sends 116, from among which the following stanzas are selected from an Ode received from Moonee Ponds, Victoria. The covering of the envelope was unfortunately torn and the letter, presumably enclosed, lost. The Ode is signed "Poeta trans Mare," and the publishers will be glad to know the real name of the writer.

*Prelude*

In mystic groves, where mighty myrtles bloom,
And sombre-hued acacias aid the gloom;
In pastures wide upon the Austral plain,
  Where purple mantle of the night is sown
With gold and silver stars, we hear a strain
  That murmurs through the trees with solemn tone;
And like a shadow to the spangled skies
Its faint vibration rises, fades and dies.

The same clear note is ringing o'er the hills
That bosom India's thousand noisy rills;
Its echo, sweeping southward, finds a rest
  Where Afric veldt and mountain meet the eye;
Then on again to northward and to west,
  It bids the maples wave in ecstasy;
And over all the islands of the sea
It runs and laughs in rippling melody.

Whence come these murmurs faint, these ringing notes,
This echo which among the nations floats?
It is the organ voice of liberty,
  Uplifted in the Northern British Isles,
Awaking friends and children o'er the sea,
  That they may bring fair words and fairer smiles.
Why breaks this swelling song of freedom forth?
We listening wait, thou Minstrel of the North.

*The Gathering*

Over the ocean sailing,
Breasting the stormy wave,
Hurling the winds that rock them
Back to their mountain cave;
Gliding above the calm sea,
On through the whispering night;
Only the stars to guide them,
Only the moon for light.

Water-birds onward wending,
Back to their island home,
Bringing their cherished burdens,
Swiftly the great ships come;
In from the South and Westward,
In from the balmy East,
In from the wide seas thronging,
Guests for the wedding feast.

Over the meadows stealing
Laughter and songs are heard,
Blossoms adorn the hedgerow,
Shading the nesting bird;
Summer is here in earnest,
Blithe is the country side,
Crying, "All Hail to Edward!
Hail to his mighty Bride!"

*Coronation Hymn*

O Builder of all earthly thrones,
By whom all kings of men are crowned,
This hour Thy sovran judgment owns,
Supreme to Earth's extremest bound.

In endless space where worlds afloat
Unchanging sing the ages by,
Thy Kingdom's limit so remote
We vainly seek with feeble eye.

O Thou art great, but stoop to bless
  Thy servant bending at Thy knee,
Invest him now with righteousness,
  A worthy regent, Lord, for Thee.

And aid us in this solemn hour,
  Our humble reverence to bring,
Yea, Mighty God, as Thine the power,
  Be Thine the hand to crown him King.

*Finale*

Sound ye the harp of joy, whose ringing chord
Breaks on the world with gladness and accord,
  And let the joyous notes of freedom roll
High o'er the pain and turmoil of the Earth,
  Till every human heart from pole to pole
Regenerated, gives the soul new birth.
Awake, ye peaceful vales and storm-rent hills!
Why silent when triumphant music fills

The very firmament above your heads,
And on your heaving breasts its sweetness sheds?
  No tyrant have we crownèd king to-day,
Our head, our ruler, and our chosen sire;
  For love alone we pledge us to obey,
Nor gloomy fear can dim our passion's fire;
Let wisdom ever on his lips be found,
This lord of Empires, by Jehovah crowned.

But God is great; He ruleth over all!
Let kings and nations in His presence fall,
  Let Earth proclaim His majesty divine,
And ocean bear His praise from shore to shore;
  And every star that Heaven doth enshrine
Shall sing His boundless glory o'er and o'er.
And let the universe repeat the theme—
Our God is great! Jehovah is supreme!

AMONG other odes of great excellence, which it is impossible to publish here, by reasons of the limitation of space, but which will be among those included in the volume "An Empire's Greeting," to appear immediately, are compositions by the following:

J. A. Farrer, Ingleborough, Lancaster, England.
Arthur L. Salmon, 77 Effingham Road, Bristol.
Philip Owen, 24 Strutton Gardens, Westminster, London, S.W.
Eric Ford, 16 Mentone Road, Highbury, London, N.
Marmaduke J. Teesdale, St. Margarets, West Dulwich, London, S.E.
Miss G. Munro, 18 Victoria Grove, Southsea.
Miss A. H. Drury, Eastbourne, Vansittart Road, Torquay.
A. Trevasso Hocking, Chalford, Stroud Valley, Gloucestershire.
Thomas Preston Battersby, 62 Belgrave Road, London, S.W.
W. Henry Jewett, 4 Torriano Cottages, Camden Road, London, S.W.
Rev. C. E. Scott Moncrieff, Blyth Vicarage, Rotherham.
Miss Tytler, Wilmer House, Ham, Surrey.
M. Bayly Jones, 24 Torphichen Street, Edinburgh, Scotland.
L. Hereward, 13 Dorset Street, Portman Square, London, W.
Margaretta Werner, Lisnadoon House, Castlederg, co. Tyrone, Ireland.
Miss Emily Stead, 10 Prince Street, Pietermaritzburg, Natal, South Africa.
John Liddell Kelly, Salamanca Road, Wellington, New Zealand.
John Bufton, Ph.D., F.L.S., F.G.S., Hobart, Tasmania.
G. N. W. Laughlin, Lynheim, Elletson Road, Kingston, Jamaica.
H. Beddlington Bodycomb, Fern Grange, Callignee, Gippsland, Victoria, Australia.
John Ball, Acting Editor, *Daily Chronicle*, Wanganui, New Zealand.
W. H. Walker, 300 Long Market Street, Pietermaritzburg, Natal, South Africa.
Rev. W. D. Pearman, Malvern, Jamaica.
W. Henry Elsum, G.P.O., Melbourne, Australia.
Isabel Grant, The Range, Rockhampton, Queensland.
T. R. E. McInnes, 536 Hastings Street, Vancouver, British Columbia.

In addition to the above there will also be included representative poems from India, Newfoundland, The Leeward Islands, Trinidad, and other parts of the Empire.

*(Russell & Sons, photo, London, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,

Secretary of State for the Colonies